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Your affectionate father.

Abner Jones.

MEMOIR

OF

ELDER ABNER JONES.

BY HIS SON, A. D. JONES.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—BIBLE.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM CROSBY & COMPANY.
1842.

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PREFACE.

When a man's biography is given to the world, the public asks, "what has he done and where is the good?" In answer, the writer of this unpretending "Memoir," has only to say, that the great public has no concern in the affair at all. This little book is written for a limited circle, and is nothing more than a simple story of a plain and good man told in a homely way.

The subject of this "Memoir" was not extensively known beyond the pale of his own denomination. There, however, his memory is precious in all hearts, as his presence ever gave delight, when he walked among them a father, patriarch, and minister of God. Thousands, as their eyes run over these pages, will call to mind his comely and cheerful presence, his cordial and affectionate greeting, and the music of a voice so

sweet that it seemed tuned by the Spirit for the Father's praise. To such, I trust, the labor that has been bestowed upon this work will be appreciated, and I would indulge the hope that they will find here the transcript of the man whom all who knew him, loved and delighted to honor.

For the great world beside, this book will have few charms. No effort has been made to ingratiate it. Its criticism cannot reach it, for it is only a "*family souvenir*," and its sanctuary may not be invaded.

Here and there, however, will be found one, loving all and hoping ever, who will catch the spirit of these pages, and will be edified and instructed. *These* are of the *true* household of faith, and will here find a *brother*. Would there were more.

It is well known in the denomination whose first preacher Elder Jones was, that he sent out a pamphlet, early in his ministry, containing a brief account of his early life and religious experience, promising, at some future period, to continue the auto-biography. To this end he kept a regular journal, a part of which he revised a short time before his decease, with the intention of giving it to the public. He was not permitted, however, to

accomplish it, and left the completion of the task, on his death-bed, to the hands of his son, the writer of this "Memoir."

According to the ability God has given him, he has discharged the duty, and now dedicates the little work to the members of the "Christian Connexion" in the United States, hoping that his labor may prove acceptable to them in general, and valuable to the many personal friends of Elder Jones scattered throughout the whole "Israel of God."

The Journal of Elder Jones was far from being perfect. In some instances whole years are wanting, which the writer has been compelled to fill up from memory, or such help as may have come to hand. There may be, as a consequence, some slight anachronisms, and some few incidents in his life omitted, which those who knew him, might expect and wish to see. If so the writer will be most happy to be informed of the same, and will gladly incorporate them into succeeding editions.

The book has been compiled amidst the pressure of many avocations, which is the only apology for the any inaccuracies apparent in it. If another edition should be demanded, these will be corrected.

The writer hopes that the likeness of Elder Jones will render this volume doubly dear to those who were in the habit of beholding his "dear familiar face." It has been procured at an expense, which nothing but the strong desire uniformly expressed that it should adorn the book, would have induced.

In conclusion the writer would say that the filial task just concluded has been as pleasing as it was arduous. No mere pecuniary considerations would ever have prompted the task,—it has been done in obedience to the dying wishes of a kind and loving father, and the demand of his many friends, to either of which he would have felt under obligation to respond. That it may prove an acceptable offering on the Altar of Piety, subserve the interests of true religion in the Earth, and prove a blessing to countless hearts, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

Brighton, Mass. Jan. 1, 1842.

MEMOIR.

The subject of this biography, Elder Abner Jones, was born in Royalston, in Massachusetts, on the 28th of April, 1772. His father was a native of the same State, and his mother first drew in the breath of life in the sister State of Rhode Island. They were plain farmers, such as the then new interior of New England every where revealed. They were both pious Baptists, and his father occasionally lead the devotions and exhorted at prayer and conference meetings.

Elder Jones often spoke of his father and mother with great affection, and remembered to his dying day, the faithful and kind admonitions of his childhood, albeit theirs was a stern and rigid piety, if we may judge from his first religious impressions. I take the following from the commencement of his "Journal," as illustrative of this fact.

"During the earliest years of my life, among the many religious thoughts which forced themselves on my mind, the strongest and most often

repeated were those respecting my future existence. These were occasioned by my father's prayers and admonitions—but more particularly the *latter*. I can remember of having seasons when alone, before I was eight years old, in which I was much concerned about my soul."

In 1790, his father, who seems to have been afflicted with a sense of oppression not dissimilar to that which troubled the celebrated Daniel Boon, of emigrating memory, finding his limits infringed—or, in my father's words, "wishing to enlarge his borders,—made a second remove, which I shall allow him to describe in his own way.

"When I was in my eighth year, my father removed into a town called Bridgewater, in the State of Vermont, in the county of Windsor. My father's was the first family that moved into the town; it was therefore entirely a wilderness, excepting a small house spot, where the trees were cleared away, together with a few other trees such as were suitable for erecting a sort of shelter, which was called a log house. It was in the month of March when my father and family arrived at our new habitation. Our house was erected without either plank, joist, boards, shingles, stone, brick, nails or glass; but was built wholly of logs, bark, boughs and

wooden pegs in the room of nails. The snow then was about four feet deep, and the weather extremely cold; and many trees within reach of the house; we were two miles also, from neighbors. We were favored, however, with warm clothing, and solid provision, and enough of it; although our house and furniture, were not quite so delicate as some. The great plenty of wood which was nigh, was easily collected into a large heap before one end of the house, (the greater part of which was open) and set on fire; thus it was kept day and night, until the weather grew warm. What little household furniture we had in our new habitation, was drawn two miles on hand-sleds, by men on snow-shoes. This made a path sufficiently hard for my mother, and such of the children as were not able to assist in drawing the hand-sleds, to follow after. The object which stimulated my father to move at this period was, that he might make sugar on his own land; which was done by extracting sap from maple trees, and boiling it into sugar. This must be done in the months of March and April."

There could be, of course, nothing of note to record in the history of my father's minority. He appears never to have been without more or less of strong and deep religious impressions.

For the edification o such as may feel desirious to know the workings of his mind during his early life, I shall transcribe in this place such extracts from his journal as will be sufficient for this purpose.

"But to return to the situation of my mind. I know not a better similitude than the wilderness in which I then dwelt; uncultivated, and inhabited by the wild beasts of prey; dreary and melancholy."

A dreadful event occurred just at this time, in which a man was accidentally shot by his intimate friend, while hunting deer. As may well be supposed, in a population so sparse, a tremendous excitement was created which ended in a "revival of religion so general, that it seemed there was not a person come to years of reflection, who did not share in it, and many were brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light."

"I remember", he continues, "of having my attention more than usually called up to the concerns of my soul, in the above mentioned reformation; by hearing Mr Benjamin Burch speak about death, judgment and eternity. Although I was only nine years old, the pride of my heart was so great, that I was ashamed to let any one know, that I felt concerned about my soul;

neither could I bear to have any one see me weeping. I now felt the need of religion more than ever I had done before. I was fully convinced that I must be born again or be damned. I used frequently to resort to secret prayer. The place which I choose for this purpose, was at the foot of a rock, where it seemed there was a place carved out on purpose for me to kneel down in.

"About this time there came a man by the name of Snow into these parts, who was a baptist preacher, or rather an exhorter. He had a meeting appointed one evening about a quarter of a mile from my father's, which I attended. As I was going, I remember of trying to pray that God would have mercy on me. I felt particularly desirous that I might get some good that evening. I do not remember ever to have had such a desire before. When I arrived every thing seemed overspread with gloominess and darkness, and every thing of a religious nature appeared melancholy; and I do not remember that the thought ever passed my mind that religion yielded any joy, or peace. All the advantage I thought of, was that it would save my soul from eternal misery; and on that account I felt desirous to obtain it; feeling fully satisfied of my lost, undone condition. It ap-

peared to me as though for a moment I was lost, and then every thing appeared new. I really thought that the preacher had entirely altered his subject from something that was melancholy, to something joyful and happy. The following thoughts passed through my mind in swift succession. What is this ? It is something entirely new; it makes me completely happy ; I wish to enjoy it forever. After the speaker had done, my father rose and gave a word of exhortation, as I had often heard him before, and which always until that time, seemed to fill my mind with gloom. But I really thought my father spoke as he never had before, for it appeared to be glorious. I did not at that time think the alteration was in me, but thought it was in my father. The unspeakable joy and peace which I then felt, I cannot describe. I was completely happy, and wished for nothing more. The fear of being miserable, was entirely gone from my mind ; and the dreary gloom that before rested on my mind, had vanished away. All this time I had no idea what it was, that caused this change in my mind. From whence it came, and whither it went, I could not tell. I had no thought that I was converted. My mind remained in this situation, for a num-

ber of days, not knowing what these things meant.

"At length one day, as I was passing from the house to the barn, these words came to me with great force. 'For this my Son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found,' Luke xv. 24. This was the first passage of scripture, that was ever set home to my heart. It seemed to open, and explain to my understanding, how I had been dead in sin, and made alive in Christ; and also how I had been lost, but was now found of Christ as a Saviour. From that moment, a hope sprang up in my soul of eternal life.

"In this situation, I passed a number of months, enjoying calmness and peace, the greater part of the time. In those days, the gospel was to me truly a joyful sound, and I thought I knew it, and felt the blessing of it. 'Blessed is the people, that know the joyful sound.' Psalm lxxxix, 15. The joy that I felt in my soul under the sound of the gospel, may be judged of by those who have felt the same."

His state of mind was now very similar to what might be supposed, when we take into view his tender age, and the peculiar views of religion which were kept constantly before his mind. Sometimes rapturously excited, as he

gathered the evidence of the great change which he had undergone; and then wrapt in deep melancholy under the fear that he was deceived and had deceived others. He had made known his feelings to his mother, and a pious neighbor, from whose conversation and advice he gained much comfort and strength.

"While I was thus relating the dealings of the Lord with me, I felt the divine love kindling in my soul; and I believe *they* enjoyed the same, whose minds had been exercised much in the same way. At this time, I believe I experienced what Paul has written, Romans x. 10, 'For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' This was the first time that I ever confessed Christ before men, in any degree; and a great blessing I found to my soul. I think my joy was made full at that time, and I felt the love which I enjoyed at the first."

Shortly after this the duty of *baptism* seems to have been deeply impressed on his mind. He shrunk, however, from the "cross," and fell back into a dark and bewildered state of soul, when, in his own language, "he was many times nearly in despair. This was darkness that might be felt."

The exercises of his mind, were, for a child remarkable, and show him to have been, even then, possessed of an unusually susceptible temperament. I should not dwell upon this period of his life so long, were it not that here may be had the key which opens the sources of those peculiar traits which mark his riper character.

I shall therefore allow him to speak in his own language here, of a circumstance which ever after left a deep impression on his mind, and to which he often alluded in his preaching and conversation with those who were of a gloomy turn of mind and inclined to despondency. He was at the time he speaks of, about 14 years of age.

"On a certain day, (I think it was in the month of June) in the forenoon, a travelling preacher had a meeting appointed in Woodstock, about three miles from my father's. I attended the meeting, but found no relief to my mind. I returned home as usual, and ate dinner, after which I went into the field in order to hoe some corn. While I was contemplating my deplorable case, as sudden as the lightning, it appeared to me that my soul was eternally undone. It came upon me with such force, that I firmly believed it, and now for the first time, I was entirely deprived of *hope*. I really thought that I had begun my eternal, endless,

despairing misery. I dropped my hoe as suddenly (it appears to me) as though I had been shot. I never expected to lift my hand again, to perform any part on the stage of life. I knew that I yet had a mortal body to drop into dust; yet this appeared nothing. It does appear to me, if God's awful voice had pronounced the sentence, 'depart ye cursed' I could not have felt the weight of it more than I did. The thoughts of mercy were not in all my thoughts. It did not so much as come into my mind, to ask for mercy; neither do I remember as I had any inclination to ask for it. I viewed myself in the yawning jaws of eternal despair.

"It is not possible for me to give the reader a just idea of the anguish of my soul; it was unspeakably terrible. I had not the least idea, of any injustice in my condemnation, nor did I feel any enmity in my heart against God.

"In this distressing situation, I repaired to the house in order to tell my mother what had befallen me. When I came to the door, I heard a man conversing, who was as I thought, no friend to religion; I therefore turned my course up stairs, and threw myself on the bed, for about the space of half an hour, as near as I can judge, although to me it seemed more like two hours

than half of one. While I thus lay on the bed, I endeavored to think of some bodily pain or torture, to compare my distress unto, but I could think of nothing. After the man was gone, I rushed down stairs and threw myself into my mother's arms, exclaiming '*I am going right to hell.*' My mother, with a blessed smile, made answer, 'I hope not, my son. Remember this, For this my son which once was dead is alive again; was lost and is found.' These blessed words revived my mind a little, and I again indulged that hope that my poor soul was not utterly lost. The immense relief afforded by this thought it is wholly out of my power to describe."

A few years after this, he lost his father, who died of quick consumption. This circumstance brought back to the paternal roof, the elder son, who was a wild, thoughtless young man. He seems to have proved a great stumblingblock to Abner, who loved him with great affection, and confided much in his superior shrewdness and experience. Indeed two brothers could be scarcely less alike. The younger, thoughtful, almost timid, confiding, and deeply tinctured with religious enthusiasm—the elder, careless, confident, bold and irreligious. Their early education had been alike, the effect on each as

different as could well be. Abner was baptised into the spirit of the household, his elder brother, irksome under the restraints of home, and hating the *cause* of those restraints, and not discriminating between the blessed spirit of religion, and an imperfect and faulty manifestation of it, had left the paternal roof, and among strangers and opposers, had imbibed a thorough contempt for religion itself. Elder Jones speaks of him as "a great disputant in theology, and a great despiser of experimental religion." One of his first efforts after his return, was to infuse his skepticism and irreligious views and feelings, into the pliant mind of his younger brother. He so far succeeded as to draw him away from his religious life, and even to shake his faith in his own religious experience.

Two years thus passed. A great famine in the strange land where he dwelt, in which his soul knew no real peace. Thus he speaks of it, "In this situation, I did then, and so do I now, consider myself one of the unhappiest of mankind. Oftentimes in the midst of my folly, I felt the reprovings of God's spirit. I remember having the following reflections in my mind, at a certain ball, while I stood up and was preparing for the dance. What a fool am I. I have taken more satisfaction in one quarter of

an hour's enjoyment in religion, than I could in this scene of vanity, if I could enjoy it to eternity. This thought struck me so forcibly that I could scarce perform my part, but to get rid of it, I carried on the higher; and thus grieved the blessed spirit."

Many were the compunctious visitations of conscience he endured. He describes the struggle of his soul as terrible. But the flesh prevailed and he gave up himself to the unlimited pursuit of pleasure, and wealth. He had now reached the last years of his minority, and seems to have been possessed with the idea that he was destined to be rich; and he determined to accomplish his destiny. He therefore entered into various speculations and engaged in various enterprises which promised much. But every thing he touched withered, and every project failed. Once severe and protracted sickness interrupted his purposes. At another time, he met with a serious accident which maimed him for life. So all his plans were frustrated. Dispirited, broken down in health and with pockets utterly empty, with a soul as famishing as Pharaoh's lean kine, he bent his steps homeward, where instead of the father he had loved, a stranger met him at the threshold,—for his mother had married a second husband in his

absence. Here he felt constrained to seek some employment and finally decided on teaching school. It would be indeed a singular choice, in these days, for a young man, scarcely 19 years of age, who had never had but six weeks schooling in his life. But he succeeded and kept to the entire satisfaction of his employers, for nearly a year.

It was during this school, that his soul was again brought to itself, and he concluded after a severe struggle to consecrate himself once more to Him who had died for him, and washed him in his regenerating blood. No sooner had he found deliverence, than his former impressions of baptism returned. Along with this came the impression that he should one day have to preach. "These thoughts" he says, "I treated as temptations, and drove them from my mind as much as possible; they however followed me almost continually." He felt it his duty to bear public testimony, and in conference and prayer meetings felt obliged to exhort and pray. He also prayed in his school. Thus far he was willing, but the thought of preaching was exceedingly painful, and he would never allow himself to think it possible that he should ever become a preacher.

On the ninth of June, A. D. 1793, he was

baptised by Elder Elisha Ransom, of Woodstock, Vt.

Finding that his health was impaired, he relinquished his school and took a journey on foot to the seaboard; calling on his way on relatives and acquaintances, and meeting many devoted and engaged Christians.

On his return he was summoned to the death-bed of his erring and thoughtless brother, whom he loved as Jonathan did Saul. He found him indeed near his end, and suffering all the horrors of a guilty conscience. He bewailed his irreligion, and blamed himself in severest terms for his opposition to religion. "I think," says the younger of the elder brother, "his lamentation for mispent life exceeded every thing of the kind that I ever heard. I shall therefore add some few of the many heart-rending sentences which this dying man uttered.

"'I am like Balaam, I want to die the death of the righteous, but I dare not so much as lift my eyes to heaven for mercy; I dare not offer a few of my last hours to his service, when I have spent all my days in sinning against him. There is no mercy for me. Oh! how I have misimproved all my privileges of going to meeting, and despised the best of men. Now I would give all the world, if I had it, for one

opportunity of attending such a meeting as I have before despised. O, my brother, if I only had what you have, it would be enough, but there is no mercy for me. Here I am in distress, I have lain here until my skin is worn off my body in a number of places. A few more hours will eternally close all my happiness, and I shall awake in hell. Who can dwell with devouring fire ? who can inhabit everlasting burnings ?" "

He found relief, however, before he died, and closed his eyes in peace.

It was about this time, when the subject of this memoir was near twenty-one years of age, that he was led to inquire, "if I must preach, *what* shall I preach ?" He was far from being satisfied with the views or creed of his brethren, and he had never settled it in his own mind what Christianity was. He therefore determined to give the whole subject a careful and serious investigation. He accordingly took the bible, and that alone, and without consulting any individual, or receiving sympathy from any living being, commenced a prayerful and careful examination of the sacred pages. The process and result of this undertaking we shall presently see.

Previous to this time he had entertained thoughts of studying medicine. Nor did he re-

linquish the idea at this time. Although he was impressed with the thought that he should one day become a preacher, he had no idea at all of preaching at present. He supposed that his duty would be to exhort and pray whenever and wherever his lot should be cast, and this was all the public testimony he expected for the present to be called upon to make. Indeed, although a good deal troubled concerning his duty in this respect, he all along, at times, treated the impressions on his mind relating to preaching, as delusions, or, worse, temptations of the devil. At any rate, he decided to pursue the study of medicine, wisely concluding that it could do him no harm, and might be of great service to him. Although his opportunities for enriching his mind had been very limited, he was nevertheless early fired with a desire to be learned in books and the sciences. He had a great love for books—this love only increased with his years — and he deemed the labor bestowed on the most prosaic and heavy as well repaid by the knowledge which he gleaned from them. I recollect hearing him say that he never read but one book from which he did not gather enough to reward the toil. This *taste* and *desire* for knowledge supplied the want of means, so that at the age now spoken of, he was altogether in advance of

his companions. He thought, too, that he could at the same time carry on his investigations of the bible. Certain it is he decided at once, that he could never preach until he was fully satisfied in his own mind *what* he should preach.

For two years he followed up this plan, studying medicine, rather as a relaxation, and making his great study the word of God. During this period he enjoyed much peace of mind and used often to bear public testimony of his faith. He made very inconsiderable progress in medicine, as he was compelled, during these two years to teach a school for a livelihood. In the course of this time his religious views underwent an entire modification — perhaps I should better express his condition of mind by saying, *disintegration;* for he seems to have settled but one thing to his own satisfaction, and that was, that the whole system of theology in which he had been educated was erroneous. He had been troubled for a long time about the irreconcileable points of doctrine, which, he says, he nevertheless thought must be true.

"I felt my mind," he says, "much tried about what my brethren called the great, mysterious doctrines of the gospel, viz: Election, Reprobation, Decrees, &c. I plainly discovered that they preached complete contradictions

on the subject; and I read that no lie is of the truth; and contradictions must be lies. Thus my mind was in great perplexity concerning these things. This caused me to review them, and compare them by the scriptures of truth. In short I took a review of all that I had professed to believe before, and I found I had embraced many things without proper examination. I then came to a determination to believe and practice just what I found required in thebible, and no more. There was a baptist minister who occasionally preached with us, who often made use of the following expression. 'I wil have nothing but for which I can bring thus saith the Lord, and thus it is written.' This led me to compare what he preached and practised with the scriptures.

"The first thing that struck me, was the name of our denomination, viz: BAPTIST. When I had searched the New Testament through, to my great astonishment, I could not find the denomination of baptist mentioned in the whole of it. I only found John the baptist, or baptiser; he is the only one called a baptist in all the New Testament. Christ did not call his disciples baptists; the christian churches in the apostles' time were not called baptists. Christ called his disciples brethren and friends. In the time of

the apostles, the disciples were first called CHRISTIANS at Antioch. After this examination, I denied the name of baptist, and so I have continued to do unto this day. I was then willing to own the names disciple, friend, and Christian, unto which I still hold.

"The second thing that I took into view was the manner in which baptists organised churches, which they declared to be apostolical. The manner of organizing baptist churches was then, and is now, I believe, as follows, viz: 1st.—They must find a certain number of believers in Christ. 2d.—They must be baptised, burying them in the water in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Thus far they agree with the New Testament. Then there must be some articles of faith drawn up, or articles taken from some already drawn up. A church covenant must be added thereunto. Next, there must be a council of ministers, deacons, &c. appointed, and a day fixed when they must be constituted a church. If they find them orthodox, (as they term it,) that is, believing their articles of faith, they are constituted a baptist church.

"As to the articles of faith and church covenants, the council and constitution, above mentioned, they seemed to me entirely anti-christian. They are as popish and unscriptural as infant

sprinkling; and I find by searching ecclesiastical history, that they were introduced when the church was in the wilderness of Babylon. I then rejected them as traditions of men, and so I do still.

"The next thing was the manner of receiving members into churches, which was as follows, viz: the person to be received into the church, must first tell his or her experience, in order to know whether he or she was a believer; if the brethren received the person as a believer, he was baptised as above mentioned. Thus far it is according to Christ's rule, 'if thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest.' After the person or persons were baptised, the minister used to ask them if they wished to join the church; some wished to, and others did not. When one wished to join, the unscriptural creed and covenant were brought forward and read; if they consented to them, they were received into the church by a hand vote.

"Thus far my mind was led to examine at that time. And as saith the apostle, now of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum. The baptists have an unscriptural name. The manner of their baptising is according to truth. The articles of faith and church covenant; the council and constitution; are according to the

traditions and doctrines of men; of which the scripture saith, touch not, taste not, handle not.

"When I presented these things before the minister who said that he would have, thus saith the Lord, and thus it is written, for all that he did; although he was a very ready man in the scriptures and kept a concordance in his house, yet he could not recollect the passages of scripture that proved these things, but said they were necessary. The reason why he could not remember them was, that they were not in the bible.

"When I mentioned these things to my brethren, they seemed almost as much astonished as though I had denied the bible, saying that I was wild, heretical, etc.

"Thus far of *Practice*, now of *Doctrine*. From my infancy I had been taught the following things, viz: That God from all eternity had elected, or chosen, a certain number for salvation, and that he would call them in such a manner that they could not resist it, because he had before determined to save them. As for the rest of mankind, they were left to work out their own damnation by sin. That God gave them a common call, which he never meant they should obey, yet the condemnation would entirely turn upon the creature, because he did

not obey. As for unenlightened heathens, it was held that they all must be damned, because they had not the light of the gospel.

"As I felt a great trial about preaching, it was a query in my mind whether God called men to preach contradiction; nay, I was fully convinced that he did not. Under this trial I besought the Lord that he would shew me the truth respecting these things, promising that if he would, I would go and preach the gospel to sinners if he called me thereunto.

"My mind remained in this situation for a considerable time; at length one day the Lord opened my eyes to see it from this passage of scripture, St. John xvi. 8, 'And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.' A part of the 13th verse followed, viz: 'he will guide you into all truth.' These scriptures seemed to come with great and sweet power on my mind, and the following reflections succeeded. It was the Holy Ghost or Comforter that was to reprove the world of sin, and guide into all truth.' I seemed to feel that teaching me *truth*.

"What is meant by the world here? The whole world of mankind; for Christ said to his disciples, I have chosen you out of the world. Here for the first time, I saw *all men* reproved

by the spirit of God. The thought struck me, who is here said to be guided into all truth? The answer was, the apostles. Why does it not guide *all men* into the truth? The answer was, because they will not follow it. Here my mind was brought out of a dark narrow prison, into the clear sunshine of a free gospel offered to all men; and presented in such a manner as that they might *really* partake of it.

"Glory to God for this salvation. I never saw the consistency of the creature's condemnation in such a clear light before. My soul was set at liberty. I discovered also, a consistent way of preaching to sinners. Afterwards, when I came to read the scriptures, I found this consistent chain running through the whole. I found Christ was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The Lord God is a sun and a shield, darting his rays of light in as many directions as there are souls to see it. On whom doth not his light arise? These ideas were entirely new to me, for I never heard them uttered by any body, neither knew I of any body that believed them; and so foolish was I as to believe that no other person ever did believe them. I cried out, my hand is against every man's hand, and every man's hand against my hand. When I came to

reflect on the subject, I dare not communicate it to my brethren, supposing that they would call me a worse heretic than they did before; so I hid my light under the bed of Calvinism, which brought great darkness on my mind. And I do not remember of divulging it to any person, for more than five years."

Thus far I have given, in his own language, the process and result of his inquiries into the abuses of practice, and errors of doctrine which he discovered in the church, not very clearly or definitely expressed, it must be confessed, but sufficiently so to show that, situated as he then was, and blessed with so few means and sympathies, his was a strong and original mind, and one which, in a clearer light and a more generous age, would have seized on truth with a vigorous grasp, and have made him a conspicuous and successful reformer. It requires no small share of moral courage to attack alone and single handed, hoary and revered practices and doctrines, anywhere and at any time, and that courage is most needed when the reformer has to combat, as he had to at this time, superstition and ignorance as strong, or stronger than religious reverence.

Hitherto he does not seem to have entertained a doubt respecting the doctrines of the

Trinity, *Atonement*, and *Future Punishment*. Indeed, although on examination he was led to reject the *accepted and popular* exposition of these doctrines, I do not think he ever had any very satisfactory views respecting them. I know him to have been troubled about them even late in his life. Not that he ever hesitated for an instant to reject the "*orthodox*" so called, explanation of them. As nearly as I have been able, in repeated conversations with him on these subjects, to gather his real views, they are as follows. I give them with this bare remark; that if I have not made a faithful transcript of his mind, it is because I have altogether failed to discover its true phases.

He rejected the doctrine of the *Trinity;* but believed that the Father had so communicated his spirit to the Son, that he was equal with Him, in all works and wisdom, but not in existence. He believed in the doctrine of Christ's preexistence; that he came down from heaven in personal form, and suffered incarnation.

He rejected the doctrine of *expiatory atonement;* and believed God to need no such expiation. Yet he believed in the special *efficacy* of Christ's death, and that no one could have been saved without the shedding of his blood. That the goodness of Christ was in some way impart-

ed to the penitent sinner, and that it was not penitence or reformation, but the death of Christ that saved the soul.

That penitence and reformation, like faith, were necessary, not as the cause, but the means of receiving the salvation prepared by the death of Jesus. That these never did and never can save men, but are requisite to *lead* men to the Cross, in which alone life was found. That God forgives only through Jesus Christ, and that to be forgiven the sinner must believe in him, and receive mercy as a free, unmerited gift, bestowed not so much because he is penitent and has sought forgiveness, as because the Father is well pleased in the obedience and death of his Son, and for *his* sake does thus forgive.

He rejected the Hopkinsian views of *future* punishment, viz:—an endless punishment for finite sins. Yet he fully believed in the great doctrine of retribution after life. He saw no reason why the effects of a sinful life should cease at death more than the effects of a good life. If holiness did not obtain all its reward here, so could not sin reap all its consequences here. What was the precise character, or length of future punishments he could not say. Nay, he had no distinct idea of these things at all. He believed that future retribution was one of

the plainest truths taught in revelation, but he thought that revelation went no further, neither defining its exact nature or duration. There was a time when he, for a season, embraced the Restorationist views of this doctrine ; but I believe he rested at last in the views I have attributed to him above.

To *Baptism* and *Regeneration* as they were then and are still held by the denomination in which he was brought up, viz : the *Baptists*, he ever held with most pertinacious attachment. With all his toleration, he could never speak charitably of "*sprinkling* ;" and he could never allow that a man had any reason to believe himself to be a *Christian*, unless he was "*converted*" according to his peculiar views of conversion. A very good and *moral* man he might be, but surely no *Christian*. He made a nice distinction between goodness as the result of the love of goodness in the human soul, and the result of regeneration. One was the "filthy rags" of Paul's righteousness, the other the love of God shed abroad in the soul ; this was saving, that wholly inefficacious. As a worldly commodity it was exceedingly desirable and valuable, but in the sight of heaven, nothing.

I do not think that he reached these views until he had been a preacher many years. The

great things which troubled him at first, were, the *discipline of the Church* and the doctrine of *Election.* It was the first of these, particularly, that he felt himself called on to reform; and this led him to come out thus early and stand aloof from the Church. At that time the thought of founding a great and growing communion on the broad and free principles for which he contended, seems not to have entered his mind. "I supposed," he says, "I was entirely alone in the world, and I fully expected ever to remain so." It is true he was not alone. There were many minds troubled as his was, and they were waiting for some auspicious movement which would afford them opportunity to declare and defend their views. But he *was alone*, in publicly, and in the face and eyes of a fierce persecution, declaring and maintaining his opinions. Luther struck the great blow in the Reformation which first broke the iron band of the Mother Church; but Luther found a host ready to stand by and defend and help him in his glorious work. So no sooner did he announce his purpose to throw off all allegiance to the Church which had nursed him with her milk of error, than he found a goodly number ready to join him in his purpose.

It is now nearly a half century since, as an

obscure individual, he thus separated himself and stood alone (as he then thought)—at this time there is a communion of loving brethren spread over the whole expanse of this country, numbering some hundreds of thousands, and among them have been and are some thousands consecrated to the same great and glorious work to which he gave himself up in the freshness of life, and which he devotedly and successfully pursued for nearly forty years.

After preparing himself for the practice of medicine, and remaining in several places for a short time, he finally settled down in Lyndon, county of Caledonia, Vermont, in the year of our Lord 1796—7. He was also married about the same time to Miss Damaris Prior. He was more successful in the duties of his profession than he had reason to expect, and his prospects soon became very flattering for obtaining fame for his skill, and an independency for life. But in the midst of all this his soul grew barren and unfruitful. He was continually goaded by the consciousness that he had neglected the intimations of Providence, and constantly harassed with the idea that he should have yet to preach. And this was ever wedded to another thought in his mind, and that was, that in so doing he should receive the reproach of his brethren and the

world, and seal forever the bond which should hold him to poverty and trial. But I will let him speak for himself.

"After removing to Lyndon, my mind was altogether taken up with the things of the world. I was well pleased with the country and people. The country was new, but the soil was rich, and it was filling up rapidly with very honest, enterprising people, as to the things of this world, although they paid very little or no attention to religion. Here, also, I was endeavoring to maintain an honorable name in the world, and at the same time was striving with all my might to accumulate property.

"Here I laid down my public testimony; and I had no sooner done it than I found condemnation; and the life and power of religion seemed to vanish away. I felt no inclination to join in the usual amusement of the times, yet I did not feel engaged in religion, and when I attempted to pray, I felt very little freedom, and a great deal of condemnation. Whenever I asked God for a blessing, the way to obtain it seemed to be pointed out to me by doing my duty, viz: by improving what he had already given me. When the duty was presented to me, I shrunk from it, saying, 'Lord, I cannot.' After a while it became such a trial, that when

I attempted to pray, I felt such condemnation, that I dare say nothing more than God be merciful to me a sinner. I do not think there was a day in all this time, but I felt strongly impressed with the duty of preaching."

About the third year of his residence in Lyndon, a "powerful reformation broke out" in Billeymead, an adjoining town. He determined to go and see for himself this "work of the Lord." He describes it as being unlike anything he had ever before seen. It was very noisy and confused.

"These things were new to me, and made me greatly doubt whether it was the work of God, or not; but when I looked at the fruit, I found it was good, although I could not see through their making so much noise.

"This meeting took great hold of my mind, and I felt it my duty to confess my backsliding, but the pride of my heart was so great that I did not comply.

"After this meeting, for the most part of the time, I felt a great burden on my mind, but I told no one of it, for my proud heart was not willing to be despised. I now found it hard to keep up my usual sprightliness, although I strove to do it. But at length my impressions were so great I could not conceal them. I never found

any relief in my mind, until I came to a determination that I would do my duty; which was first to confess and forsake; secondly, to take up my testimony which I had laid down.

"My confession I made both public and private, at meetings, among my neighbors, and in my own family. This caused no small talk among the people: some said, what has befallen Doctor Jones? others, has he got to be one of the Billeymead Christians? some again said, he has nothing to confess, for he always behaved himself very civilly: others, he is a little deluded, he will soon get over it: some said, he is frightened, it will not last long: others raised up false reports about my confessions, saying, that I confessed particular out-breaking crimes of which I was guilty. But that was false.

"The duty of preaching was now stronger on my mind than ever, and I knew not what to do. At times I was greatly tried about sacrificing all my prospect of worldly gain, which was now very considerable. I was gaining ground rapidly, and my business widely extending. But if I should determine to become a minister, I knew that all hopes of wealth, or a good name, as the world went, were at an end."

He ever believed that he was specially called by the Spirit of God to preach, and received

certain intimations as coming directly from God. I give the following as an instance.

"At a certain time when I was retired by myself, and inquiring of the Lord what I should do; this scriptnre in Prov. xviii. 16, came into my mind with great weight: 'A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men.' This scripture calmed my mind in a moment, and I felt entirely at peace. I now made a solemn vow to God, that if he would open doors for me to preach without any effort of mine, I would consider it as room made for me. I also promised the Lord that I would go whenever room was made for me. I concluded that I would say nothing to any person about my trials concerning preaching, but wait and see if the Lord put it into the heart of any one to ask me to come and preach at their house. And for a few days I felt entirely delivered from all anxiety about the matter."

He thus speaks of his first attempt to preach, and the occasion of it.

"Not long after this I was called upon one evening to ride about five miles to a person who was sick. While I was on the way I fell into religious conversation with the man who came after me, viz. Mr Peck. He informed me that

he had been seriously impressed in times past, and that he still felt something of it. He said his neighbors all made light of these things excepting one or two. We had some conversation, about the reformation at Billeymead. He said his neighbors made sport of it, and that it was the subject of a great part of their conversation. I observed that I should really be glad to see them together, for I had been at Billeymead and had seen the reformation myself; and that I should feel happy to tell them what I knew about it. Mr Peck then said he wished I would come out to his house some time and hold a meeting, saying, he would notify his neighbors, and he guessed they would come. At first I made but little answer to the request, for I had never named the matter of preaching to him; I never said much about it to any one. This however brought my vow before me, viz. that I would go where the Lord made room for me. A query arose in my mind whether this door was opened by the Lord, or whether I had pushed it open myself, by saying that I should like to see his neighbor's together, that I might tell them what I knew of the reformation. I did not give him any direct answer at first. The circumstances were such that I tarried all night in the neighborhood. The next morning Mr Peck wished

for an answer, and at length I told him I would come on a certain sabbath, unless I was called away to attend on the sick.

"When the day arrived, I had a number of sick people to attend to, I however visited them in the forenoon, and rode to my appointment in the afternoon. As I rode along, I prayed in spirit continually, that the Lord would decide the doubtful case that day, whether he had called me to preach or not; if he had not called me, I prayed him to confound me before the people, and shut up my mouth in silence; but that if he had called me, he would give me a message right from Heaven, in such a manner, as I might know that it was from the Lord.

"A few days after, I composed the following hymn on the subject.

"'O Lord, I pray that Thou wilt show
Whether Thou callest me to go
And sound the gospel trumpet loud,
To high and low, to meek and proud.

2 When I before the people stand,
O Lord, I ask it at thy hand,
To chain my tongue is silence tight,
If thus to speak I am not right.

3 But if Thou say'st unto me, "Go,"
O may thy spirit sweetly flow

Into my soul, and my tongue loose!
Then I'll proclaim the joyful news;—

4 Peace on the earth, to men good will;
Come, all who thirst, and drink your fill;
Come, taste of Jesus' dying love,
And you shall reign with him above.

5 But if you still refuse to come,
Christ will declare your dreadful doom;
"Depart from me, I know you not;
From my fair book your name I'll blot."

"While riding through a piece of woods, about half a mile from the place where the meeting was appointed, the following words came to my mind with great weight, 'But they made light of it.' In the language of my mind I cried out, O Lord, I know not where these words are; if it is thy will that I should preach from them to-day, I pray thee direct me immediately to them. My meaning was, that I might open the bible and cast my eyes immediately on that sentence, even that it might be the first word that I should see in the bible.

"When I arrived at the house, I found nearly all the neighborhood collected together. When I entered, a chair was presented me for a seat, with a small table before it, with a bible and psalm book on it; a new seat indeed for me, but I must take it without hesitation, as the

people all expected I was about to try to preach. I soon took up the bible to see whether the Lord would answer my request, and to my great joy and surprise, my prayer was answered completely, insomuch, that the first place I opened was the very place, and the very first sentence that my eyes caught, was, 'BUT THEY MADE LIGHT OF IT,' Matt. xxii. 5. The manner of the words coming to me, together with the manner of my finding them, raised my mind above every trial and fear, although I was about to attempt something very great and entirely new. After introducing the meeting by singing and praying, I read the whole parable to the people. And I think my mind on the occasion, was drawn out in such a manner as I scarce ever had it before. It pleased the Lord to deliver me entirely from the fear of man, and my whole soul was occupied with the subject, insomuch that I think I can say, I was not interrupted with one worldly thought in my discourse; yea, I was not troubled with one wandering thought of any nature whatsoever. It appeared to me as though every person present heard as for their lives, and a more attentive audience I never saw.

"In preaching this discourse, I entirely

freed my mind of the burden that laid on it. I felt almost, if not quite, as great a deliverance as when I was first converted. When I came to walk, it seemed as though I hardly touched the ground. I felt certain that the Lord assisted me in delivering this subject, as it was entirely unstudied, and as new to me as it was to my hearers.

"The first assembly to which I preached, was almost as singular as my sermon; for there was not one present that professed religion, of any denomination whatever; and I do not know as there were more than two persons present that appeared (previous to this meeting) to have any regard for religion."

Doors opened now on every hand, and he was at no loss, in his own mind, what was duty. His business was of consequence neglected. This created no small stir in his neighborhood. Some were angry, some ridiculed, some threatened, and some coaxed. But to all this he was insensible. He told them plainly, that he had made up his mind to preach, and he should be happy to give up his business. He soon made arrangements with a neighboring physician to take his place, settled up all his worldly concerns as speedily as possible, and gave up himself wholly to the work of an evangelist.

Here too, he was met, as Job was, by his wife, who by no means fell in with his views respecting preaching. It was a sore trial to him, but he had put his hand to the plough and vowed to the Lord, and he dared not—wished not to turn back. His wife pleaded and wept, and reminded him of his obligations to her and his children, and although he harbored not a doubt but "God would provide," it was not so clear in her mind. She however reluctantly gave her consent, and bidding farewell to her quiet and happy home, she cast her lot with his, firmly believing, as she has since many times said, that she should never see another spot which she could call home. In later times he used to rally her on her fears ; for although often straitened, they never knew the time when there was not oil enough in the cruse and meal in the barrel, for at least one day.

She soon entered into his work with a real spirit of devotion, and was truly to him a helpmate and a blessing. Possessed of an uncommonly strong mind, and deeply imbued with a living spirit of piety, she was to him a counsellor and friend, and a helper of his joy.*

Elder Jones commenced preaching in September, 1801, and from that time to the day of his death, he gave himself with great fidelity to

Appendix, Note A.

the good work. From the first he announced his determination to stand alone, and acknowedge the authority of no church or set of men. He and about a dozen others, laymen, and residents of Lyndon, covenanted together in church form, and called themselves CHRISTIANS; rejecting all party and sectional names, and leaving each other free to cherish such speculative views of theology as the scriptures might plainly seem to them to teach. This was probably, the *first* FREE, CHRISTIAN Church ever established in New England.

He immediately became an itinerant, and went wherever and whenever he was invited; and soon found large congregations in all the neighboring towns. He presently extended his sphere of labor, into the adjoining states, and in the course of two or three years swept nearly the whole extent of New England.

When Elder Jones commenced preaching, he had great doubts about his being called of God to this work. He therefore made a vow, that he would preach one year, unless convinced before its expiration, that he was doing wrong. He had property enough to support his family for that length of time, and he supposed that if God had called him to the ministry he would

provide bread for his family. The year went round, and plenty crowned his board. He had not touched the little he had accumulated in his medical practice. So his fears were somewhat abated, and he more fully believed that the hand of the Lord was in it, and that he must now consecrate himself entirely to the work of the ministry.

He accordingly looked around him for the means of ordination. Now it happened about this time that he was invited to attend a quarterly meeting among the *Free-will Baptists*. He was pleased with the zeal and piety of the brethren, and his heart was strongly drawn towards them. He preached among them, and to much acceptance. They were desirous that he should become one of their number, and solicited him to do so. I will let him give his own account of the conference that passed between them.

"I attended the Elders' conference, and gave them my views of being nothing but a *Christian;* and that I could not be a Free-will Baptist; yet that I heartily fellowshipped them as *Christians*, and so far was happy to unite with them in the work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I further observed that I should be glad to receive from them the right hand of fellow-

ship as a *Christian*, but not as a *Free-will Baptist*; for the Lord had taught me that I must be a *Christian* only. Although their fellowship was very desirable, as I was entirely alone, yet I determined that it should be known what kind of fellowship was meant. I said to them, 'you came out free, but the devil sent the name of Freewillers after you, and you have picked it up.' Elder Randall observed, 'we glory in the name of *Freewillers*.' I answered, 'I will not acknowledge any of the devil's impositions. Understand me, perfectly, brethren; I do not wish to join the *Free-will Baptists:* I wish *Christian* fellowship. If hereafter it should be asked, have you joined the Free-will Baptists? the answer will always be, no. It shall not be said hereafter, 'brother Jones, you belong with us, and our rules are thus and so.' I will never be subject to one of your rules; but if you will give me the right hand as a brother, and let me remain a *free man*, just as I am, I should be glad.' On these grounds, the right hand of fellowship was cheerfully given. A number of months after this, they voluntarily appointed an ecclesiastical council, and ordained me a free man."

Elder Jones received ordination on the last day of November, 1802. Elders Aaron Buz-

zell, Nathaniel King and Nathaniel Brown, were the officiating clergymen.

A short time after this, his old doubts returned and greatly distressed him. I have before said that he was generally an undoubting believer in the *direct* manifestations of the spirit of God, in the call he received to preach. At times, however, he doubted it—indeed, sometimes he doubted everything. It was in such a condition that he sought a new manifestation. I shall let him speak of the whole movement of his mind at length, especially, as he declares himself to have gained complete ascendancy over his fears at the time, so that they never returned to trouble him any more.

"As yet I had no seals to my ministry. I had preached a whole year, and I knew not at that time that one soul had, through any instrumentality of mine, been brought out of nature's darkness unto God's marvellous light. Surely, I reasoned, if God *had* called me to preach, he would have stood by me and blessed me with this token that my labor in the Lord had not been in vain. It must be that I have mistaken my calling. Moreover I doubted exceedingly whether I had ever been converted at all. I was utterly distracted. Then came the awful doubts of the *reality* of all I had felt and

preached. Is it not possible, after all, that God, and heaven, and hell, and religion, are a fiction? and the Bible a cunning device of man?

"I strove with all my mind to put these thoughts far from me. I tried to pray, but then I thought, there is no God to pray to, no being takes knowledge of my prayers. I look for my witnesses; the *Bible* gave none. I called on the earth, sun, moon and stars, which had so often given me their unequivocal testimony in favor of their Maker and a Divine revelation; but they all seemed to witness against me. Notwithstanding all this, the vow was upon me to preach wherever doors were opened, and there were doors wide open in every direction. I had perhaps ten appointments already made, and they must be fulfilled. No tongue can utter, no pen describe my feelings; it made me sick, and brought upon me a high fever; I took to my bed. No mortal at that time knew my trials.

"At last these thoughts came into my mind:—if all these things are nothing, there is no hell—I'll not be troubled about that. I then began to query—if there be no futurity, how can I enjoy myself best in this world? The answer was ready; in what *I have called religion*, and in preaching, the best of all, and in this way I could make others enjoy themselves best. On

this ground, I resolved to preach, whether right or wrong. For if we are to fall into an eternal sleep at death, it is best to take all the enjoyment we can here. The powers of darkness gave back, and some hope revived; but my doubts were yet strong. However I determined to pursue. My prayer was now in all sincerity and in great agony; 'if there be any Great, Eternal, First Cause, who made all things, if there be any Mediator through which mortals may approach and find audience, if it be Jesus Christ, or if there be any other, O permit such a distressed soul as I am to approach. And if thou hast called me to preach, give one sign more, which I shall ask of thee, and I will never doubt again.' The sign asked for was, that some soul might be struck under conviction while I was preaching, and brought out in the same meeting, in which case I promised that I would never doubt again. I was exercised with a burning fever, more especially in my right hand, for I was tortured with an uncommon, burning heat in that hand. I kept my little girl constantly bringing cloths dipped in cold water, to allay the distressing heat. Since that time, thirty-three years this present September, 1835, my right hand has always been hotter than my left. I feel it this moment, while writing this article.

I have thus a constant monitor, in my right hand, to remind me of the scene of anguish through which I passed. I have said in the words of the Psalmist, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my *right hand* forget her cunning." All the ancients considered *the right hand* the seat of fidelity. Lord, let me not die with a *lie* in my *right hand.*

"During these trials I was constantly preaching, for my appointments were already made in several different towns, and some of them more than forty miles distance from each other. While preaching, these doubts would commonly disappear, but would return again, sometimes, before I got out of the house. My mind was in this state about two weeks, but the time of deliverance drew nigh; the Lord was preparing for me better things. It was not until the ninth of September, 1802, that I found complete deliverance; a day by me ever to be remembered. On this day I preached in the afternoon at a brother Martin's in Newbury. The day was as pleasant as ever shone out of the heavens; not a cloud to obscure the sun, the air was mild and beautiful; but my soul was still beclouded in thick darkness.

"In this neighborhood there was a happy revival of religion. As the people were assembling, among others, I observed a middle aged man,

strong and robust in appearance, and from the stern countenance which he bore, I thought him an opposer. Instantly I seemed to feel much for his soul, and in strong ejaculations to God, I sought mercy for his soul, although I thought nothing of the sign which I had asked for. The words of my text were, "Hear, for I will speak of excellent things," &c.—Prov. viii. 6. While delivering this discourse, I noticed that the visage of the man was changed. He had a solemn countenance, and penitential tears bedewed his face. After sermon, I knelt and prayed; and behold, this man fell on his knees also, no one having spoken to him. Several prayers, in addition, were offered up for him in particular. After rising up from prayer, he alone remained on his knees in silence. He was asked the state of his mind. He gave no answer. He was asked if he wished to rise up. He rose not, nor gave any answer. He was on his knees about one hour, apparently in great distress, though he made no outcry. At last he seemed perfectly calm, rose up and sat down in tranquillity. Being asked the state of his mind, he answered as follows: 'I have heretofore called this the work of the devil, and it having got possession of my wife, I determined to follow it up. I came to meeting today with these

views and feelings. He then proceeded to tell how the preaching took hold of his feelings, and that he was brought to see his lost and undone estate, and to believe that it was the work of God.' He continued, 'when I fell down on my knees, I determined never to move from that spot, until I found mercy, or dropped into hell, and thought probably the latter would be my lot. I felt ready and willing to give up everything, my wife in particular, for it seemed as though I should never see her again.' Being asked how he then felt, his answer was, 'I have lost my burden, and feel calm, that is all I can say.' During these transactions, the sign I had asked for was not so much as thought of. The next morning I saw the above named man; he had the witness that he was born of God, and a new song was put in his mouth, even praise to the Lord. It was at this time that the sign I had asked, and the accompanying vow came fresh before me; and it was then received, (and is still believed) as a special answer from God. Every doubt and fear vanished from me, and from that time to the present, more than thirty years, I have not had as many distressing doubts, put the whole together, as I have heretofore endured in the space of five minutes. The Lord, and he alone, removed all these dark clouds at

once as far from me as the east is from the west. This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous in my eyes; and to his heavenly name be all the glory."

From this time forward, Elder Jones had great peace and joy, and labored with great zeal and success. It is astonishing that his health did not utterly fail. In enumerating his labors at the close of each month, as was his constant practice, he is found often to have preached from 25 to 35 times, and to have baptized from 10 to 50 persons in the same time, and often to have travelled more than 200 miles. In many instances the meetings (during revivals,) continued from 6 to 9 hours. So that beside the usual services, there were many prayers and exhortations.

I will insert one or two pages of his journal, as he kept it from day to day, just to give the reader an idea of his labors as an itinerant preacher. I would just observe that I have selected them nearly at random, and that they come two or three years later than the period down to which I have brought this memoir, and that they both belong to the severer season of the year, and do not embrace nearly as many baptisms as usual.

DECEMBER, 1805.

Monday—Boston; baptised three persons in the

morning; had a good season; preached from Acts ii. 47, and Isaiah lvii. 20.

Tuesday—Boston; preached in the evening, John xvi. 33.

Wednesday—Boston; Corinthians xiii. 9.

Thursday—Charlestown; Genesis xliix. 24.

Friday—church meeting; had a good season at the close of prayer.

Saturday—Boston; 1 Corinthians x. 17.

Sunday—Boston; preached twice; Prov. xx. 4—Ecclesiastes xi. 3.

Monday—Charlestown; preached in the evening, had a good season.

Tuesday—Boston; preached in the evening, had a comfortable season.

Wednesday—Boston; preached in the evening.

Thursday—from Boston to Nantasket; preached in the evening.

Friday—Nantasket; Revelation ii. 7.

Saturday—Nantasket; Genesis xliii. 22.

Sunday—Nantasket; preached three times; Psalms iii. 17—Solomon's Song v. 3—John x. 15, 16.

Monday—Nantasket; preached in the evening.

Tuesday—Nantasket; preached in the evening.

Wednesday—Nantasket; preached in the evening.

Thursday—Nantasket; preached in the evening.

Friday—set off from Nantasket, proceeded 6 miles, then turned back again.

Saturday—Nantasket; preached in the evening.

Sunday — Nantasket; preached three times; Matt. ii. 4—Proverbs xvi. 4—Philippians i. 27.

Monday—from Nantasket to Boston; heard Elder E. Smith preach in the evening.

Tuesday—heard Elder E. Smith.

Wednesday—Attended the Roman Catholic meeting; heard Elder Smith in the evening.

Thursday—Charlestown; preached in the evening.

Friday—church meeting.

Saturday—Boston; preached in the evening.

Sunday—Boston; preached twice in the daytime; had a good time; attended meeting at brother Binney's in the evening.

Monday—from Boston to Bradford; preached in the evening.

Tuesday—Haverhill; preached in the evening.

Preached 31 times this month.

December, 1806.

Monday—Rode from Portsmouth to Hampton Falls, 15 miles. Preached in the evening in the Christian Meeting House; Heb. xiii. 1.

Tuesday—Salisbury; at brother Tukesbury's. Preached in the evening; Heb. xii. 15.

Wednesday—do. do.; preached in the evening from Solomon's Song v. 9. We had a wonderful reviving season.

Thursday—From Salisbury to Haverhill; preached in the evening; Solomon's Song v. 1. Blessed season.

Friday—Bradford; preached in the evening; Heb. x. 32, 33. A happy refreshing season.

Saturday—From Bradford to Charlestown, after an absence of 30 days; found my family well; in those 30 days I tried to preach 34 sermons in general with great freedom.

Sunday—Boston; preached 3 times; Heb. x. 32, 33—Matt. xiii. 19—Sol. Song iii. 3.

Monday—Boston; preached in the evening; Luke xiv. 33.

Tuesday—Boston; preached in the evening; Luke xxxv. 36. Very powerful time.

Wednesday.

Thursday—From Charlestown to Nantasket by land; preached in the evening; Isaiah xl. 31. Very dull time.

Friday—Nantasket; Isaiah xlii. 7. Very dull season.

Saturday—Nantasket; preached in the evening; rather cold season.

Sunday—Nantasket Meeting House; preached twice with freedom, and broke bread; preached in the evening.

Monday—Nantasket; preached in the evening; Acts xx. 6. A wonderful season of refreshing from the Lord.

Tuesday—From Nantasket to Boston; preached in the evening; had a happy season.

Wednesday—Boston; happy season in preaching from Rev. i.

Thursday—Charlestown; preached in the evening.

Friday.

Saturday.

Sunday—Hampton Falls; preached twice; 1 Peter ii. 7; Romans, viii. 29, 30.

Monday—attended to writing my afternoon sermon.

Tuesday—Little River; preached in the evening; had a very solemn time among sinners.

Wednesday—Hampton Falls; had a very solemn time preaching in evening.

Thursday—Hampton; preached in evening.

Friday—New Rowley; Rev. vi. 1. Returned to Bradford after meeting.

Saturday—From Bradford to Charlestown.

Sunday—Boston; preached 3 times with freedom.

Monday—From Boston to Portsmouth, N. H.

Tuesday—From Portsmouth to New Rowley: preached in the evening.

Wednesday—Bradford; Elder Smith preached. I preached after him; we had a blessed time.

In the Autumn of 1802, the second CHRISTIAN Church was formed in Hanover, N. H., by Elder Jones. This was the second church ever organized in New England, without any *creed*, or *confession of faith*. In the course of the ensuing winter, the *third* church was formed in Piermont, on the same free platform.

Elder Jones, at this time resided in Lebanon, N. H., on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut. His preaching circuit extended into a dozen or more, of the neighboring towns. He had formed an extensive and happy acquaintance, and he supposed that he should there spend his days. But so it was not destined to be. In the midst of his pleasant and successful labors, he was impressed with the duty of laboring elsewhere. He had no idea whither he should go forth, but he was fully satisfied that he could not rest where he was in peace. He accordingly settled all his affairs, and took his departure, making no further arrangements for travelling, then to attend a quarterly meeting of the Free-

will Baptists, about sixty miles distant from his home, having no donbt that a way would open to him there. From this meeting he went to Portsmouth, N. H., where he met Elder Elias Smith, with whom he had glorious times, for they were *then* kindred souls, and fellow-workers. After preaching here and in the neighboring towns, and making a short excursion into the State of Maine, he received an invitation from a brother in Boston, a worthy member of Dr Stillman's church, to come and preach to the saints and sinners of that town. Immediately he felt this to be the Macedonian cry which had so distinctly, yet so uncertainly sounded in his ears for the last six weeks. Obedient to the heavenly vision, he went straightway to Boston. He was invited to preach in Dr Stillman's vestry, and after considerable opposition on the part of Drs Stillman and Baldwin, then the only Baptist clergymen in Boston, he went into the pulpits respectively of those gentlemen, who with Dr Lucius Bolles, then a student, or an assistant of Dr Stillman, joined heart and hand in his labors. The result was a most extensive and glorious revival of religion. During the work, Elder Jones was obliged to go to Portsmouth to fulfill some engagements, bu could not rest until he again returned. Family

matters also called him once more to the green meadows of the Connecticut, the scenes of his earlier labors. But here he was not at home, and his soul longed for the refreshing scenes he had so recently witnessed in the Metropolis of Massachusetts. So he returned once more, and co-operated with his old friends. The reformation had increased and spread into all the adjoining towns, into which he was invited to come and preach.

It was at the close of this far-famed revival, in the Autumn of 1803, that Elder Smith openly withdrew from the Calvinistic Baptists, and avowed his determination to own no *name* but CHRISTIAN and no *creed* but the BIBLE. This was several years after Elder Jones had withdrawn and more than two years after the formation of the *first Christian Church* in Lyndon, Vt. Elder Smith was doubtless a successful laborer in founding the early churches of the *Christian Connexion :* but he can with no degree of justice lay claim to the title of *Founder* of the *Connexion*, as he has done. He was an exceedingly popular preacher, but he did not wear well with his friends, and soon fell into disrepute among his brethren. He was the *second preacher* that took an open stand for liberty of opinion and freedom from human creeds.

It was ever the misfortune of Elder Smith, to be, as Elder Jones used to say, "in hot water." Until he went to Boston, the revival had gone on with the most perfect harmony between Elder Jones and Drs Stillman and Baldwin. But he soon cast in a firebrand, and the voice of discord was heard. Elder S. was expelled from the Baptist pulpits, and because he would not forsake him, Elder Jones was thrust out also. A wide breach was made in the Churches, and the work of the Lord gave place to the work of Belial.

Among other places to which Elder Jones was invited, he visited Nantasket, (now Hull,) and witnessed a revival of religion, which embraced in its results every family in the place; and more than half the entire population professed religion, were baptized, and joined the church, which was established on *free* grounds.

It had become evident that a church must be formed in Boston, as the freedom of the old Baptist churches were greatly restricted. Elder Jones felt, also, that for the present, he must tarry here. He accordingly removed his family from Lebanon to Boston, in June, 1804. And on Sunday, July 1, of the same year, a *Christian* church was constituted in Boston. The number of those who first covenanted together

to form this free band of brethren, was but *seven;* but their numbers increased daily, until the church was very large. This is the same church, which now, after many vicissitudes, worships in the Chapel at the corner of Summer and Sea Streets.

Soon after they were excluded from the pulpits of the Baptist churches, a member of Dr Stillman's church, brother Henry Wendall, hired on his own responsibility, a hall in Bedford (then Pond) Street, for which he paid $150 *per annum.* A brother Cole, of Charlestown, likewise opened the upper story of his own dwelling for conference meetings, etc., which at his own expense was comfortably seated. Their audiences were quite large, but as they were considered disorderly assemblages, the rabble felt quite at liberty to disturb and annoy them whenever they chose so to do. They were greatly disturbed by young men, who went there for sport, until they were compelled to appeal to the town authorities for protection. The petition which was sent in "to the Selectmen of the town of Boston," is a most curious document, and as it will form a landmark in the progress of toleration in our goodly city, I shall insert it in the Appendix entire.*

*Appendix, Note B.

Although Elder Jones called Boston his home, and the church there his peculiar care, he spent a large portion of his time in travelling through the country, preaching the word, and building up churches. Besides visiting all the towns on the seaboard often, he made long journeys into the interior, visiting New Hampshire, Connecticut, Vermont and Maine. Through his whole life, he could never remain long at home at any one time. His heart yearned to see his old friends, or he had a raging desire to see and preach in new places, and he was constantly itinerating. In his journal he is very minute in giving all the details of these journeys; even to the texts at length, and every slight incident of travel. I am compelled to pass these entirely by, for the reasons, that they would swell this work to an enormous size, and because they would be exceedingly tiresome and unprofitable to the general reader.

In January, 1807, Elder Jones moved his family to Bradford, near Haverhill, Mass. I cannot exactly understand the reason of this removal, as it is rather obscurely hinted at in his journal. It seems, however, that Elder Smith, who ever seems to have been his evil genius, was at the bottom and cause of it. He certainly had a strong desire to remain in Boston, and

the church, which was one of his own establishing, seems to have been greatly desirous of his presence and services.

His removal to Bradford was merely an economical one, not to take charge of the religious interests of the church. Indeed there was, as yet, no church there. His family remained in Bradford two years, and were then removed to the ancient town of Salem. He had labored, indeed, for a great portion of this time in Salem; had gathered a church there, and erected a small place of worship, in English Street, which he called the *Christian Tabernacle.* I believe this little Tabernacle—it was only 20 by 40 feet on the ground—was the *first* chapel erected by the people called Christians. I remember it well. Humble as it was, it was to me, (I was then a mere child) the place of the solemn assembly, and no gorgeous temple was more imposing. Some of my first and deepest religious impressions were received in that spot, ever to be remembered by many as the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

It may be interesting to the old and early friends of Elder Jones, who were co-workers with him in the planting of the Church in Salem, tosee recorded here, the manner in which the "door was opened" for him to go to that place. I shall

therefore transcribe a few pages from his journal, in this place, relating to that part of his life.

"I had not been one week in Bradford, before a door was opened in Salem for my preaching there, which heretofore as to our preaching, was as straitly shut up as Jericho. I had for a long time been very desirous to get into that ancient town to preach the everlasting Gospel of the Son of God; but could see no way to accomplish it: now the door was open and the cry heard, come over and help us. Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1807, was my first time of preaching in old Salem. The meeting was held at the corner of Essex and English streets, in a large convenient hall, occupied by an Englishman by the name of Rayner, a good warm-hearted Methodist. My text was Luke xiv. 22, 'Lord, it is done as thou has commanded, yet there is room.' The audience was respectable in point of numbers and appearance, and very attentive. A number of singers performed well—I knew not whether saints or sinners. In the whole congregation, I believe there were but two persons whom I had ever before seen. I felt great liberty, and the word had effect, as I afterwards learned. The circumstances of my going to Salem, where I afterwards preached about eleven years and six months, at two different periods, were as

follows. The reformation at Essex, fifteen miles from Salem, has already been mentioned. A youngster from one of the most respectable families in that town, was apprenticed at Salem, and visited his friends in the time of that revival. He experienced religion, was baptised, and joined the *Christian Church* in Essex. After returning to Salem he found himself alone. Subsequently he became acquainted with a pious old lady, who was a Methodist. At this time there was no Methodist Society in town, and beside this good old lady, I believe three men and their wives composed all the Methodists in the place. To the pious old lady's small cottage, this young convert used to resort for prayer. He told the old pilgrim about the reformation in Essex, and wished they could have such meetings in Salem—he wished Mr Rand could preach there—Elder John Rand who was then preaching in Essex. He was a young man who had left Dr Stillman's church, and joined the *Christian* Church in Boston. He was highly esteemed for his work in the Lord, at that time, and for a number of years continued to preach to good acceptance. He was the first *Christian* preacher who was raised up in Massachusetts ; Mr Rand came and preached an evening lecture ; first at the old Methodist lady's

cottage. Other doors were soon opened and Elder Smith was invited, and came and preached, and there began to be a great inquiry about this new doctrine. Elders Smith, Rand, and myself now agreed to establish a weekly lecture on Thursday evening, and to attend it alternately.

[" Elder John Rand was ordained in Boston, Nov. 6, 1806, by Elders Elias Smith, Joseph Boody, and myself. Both the above named Elders have left preaching as well as he who received ordination. Elder Boody I became acquainted with in Vermont, the year before I commenced preaching. He was then young, active and full of zeal, his voice was strong as a Lion's and he often extended it to its utmost pitch, which finally injured his health, and spoiled his voice. When I saw him last his voice was so far gone, that it was with great difficulty he could raise it loud enough to be heard in public. I am sorry to add, that when Elder Smith embraced the 'destruction scheme,' Elder Boody followed him, and now professes to be an Universalist.]

" We will now return to Salem. Messrs. Smith and Rand, for some reason, never made it convenient to attend to our weekly lecture, so the responsibility of keeping it up fell on me en-

tirely—they both however preached there occasionally. In two weeks from my first appointment in Salem, I preached there again, at the house of Thomas Safford, a Congregational brother. The meeting was in a large upper loft in his dwelling house.

"When in Portsmouth, the week before, I desired the brethren to hold a prayer meeting on the same evening of my appointment, which was accordingly done. I preached from Psalms lxi. 2, 'Lead me to the Rock, that is higher than I.' The services were very impressive, and many in tears. Towards the close of my sermon, I mentioned the prayer meeting in Portsmouth, appointed that evening for the direct purpose of praying for the outpouring of the Spirit of God in Salem. I then observed, that it was probable that the brethren in Portsmouth were at that moment on their knees, praying that God would pour out his Spirit in Salem. These observations seemed very sensibly to impress the congregation, and many who attentively heard before with dry eyes now burst into tears. Some were awakened in this meeting.

"At the close of this meeting I appointed a another at brother Rayner's, for the next evening. The next afternoon I was invited to take tea with a friend, where I found five ladies in

distress of mind. I took down their names, as those who wished to be remembered in prayer for their soul's salvation. This was my uniform course in revivals. Preached in the evening according to appointment, from Isaiah lv. 6, 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near.' The hall was full and all appeared as solemn as eternity. The work of the Lord was evidently going on. The next week, on Thursday evening, March 5, I preached at Mrs Patterson's house in English street, Luke xv. 24, 'He was lost and is found again.' The people began to flock together very early, the house was soon crowded full, and many people could not get in and went away. This began to stir up people to procure a larger place to meet in. The season was a most impressive one, a great part of the assembly was in tears."

As yet Elder Jones had not even thought of fixing himself permanently in Salem, nor for two months from the time of his first going there had there been a meeting on the Sabbath. During this time also he rode and preached in all the towns round about.

"In the course of these two months I have preached in Haverhill, Bradford, New Rowley, (now Georgetown), Boxford, Lynn, Boston, Nantasket, Essex, Kingston, Hampton, North

Hampton, Hampton Falls and Portsmouth,—having preached in February 21 times, and in March 34 times ; besides riding some hundreds of miles."

Sometime in April, 1807, the humble meeting house was erected, and occupied in May following, when Elder Jones concluded to become the overseer of the infant church in Salem, and moved his family thither immediately.

It was in April, while his family still resided in Bradford, that the house he occupied was struck with lightning. He and his wife were at Salem on a visit at the time of the occurrence and thus escaped the exposure. The house was very much shattered, the furniture broken, and his eldest daughter was stricken down and slightly burned, but escaped without any essential injury.

It must not be supposed that the whole, or principal part of Elder Jones' time and labor was given to the new flock at Salem. In conjunction with Elders Smith and Rand, he had also the care of a dozen others, in the places above named. This kept him constantly travelling and preaching. Salem was a central point around which he moved, but he preached six times elsewhere while he preached in Salem once. Churches were formed in almost all the

places of which I have spoken, and he felt that he could not well suffer a month to pass between his visits to either of them. Revivals were in progress in each of them, and the new and liberal views which were inculcated, added to the zealous manner in which they were promulgated, drew large audiences, and of a very mixed character. The old sects looked on with suspicion, and raised the cry of fanaticism and wildfire. "*Freewillers*," and "*Runagates*," I recollect, were favorite expressions. Many young men attended out of curiosity, and as the police was not then as vigorous as now, they often carried their sport to a very troublesome extent. This was particularly the case in Salem.

I have spoken of the disturbances which sometimes occurred at that place and others. I have a very distinct recollection of them. They were attributed to the devil at the time, but I am not clear that the evil manifestation was not where they little dreamed of looking for it. I am sure that the confusion generally began *inside* the house, and so believed Elder Jones, in after years. I find allusion to this subject in his journal, at a much later period, and some exceedingly judicious advice respecting it. Although I am aware that many of his brethren did not coincide in his views, and do not, even

now, I shall insert them here, as I know they were intended for the eye of his brethren, and that very many will heartily concur in them.

After speaking of the declension of the church in Boston, and some of the causes of it, he attributes it mainly, after all, to a want of thorough organization. And this was the case, he says, in most of the churches. The brethren mistook their *liberty* for *license*, and things were not conducted in that order which the New Testament enjoins, and which is essential to success. He then goes on to say.

"The great Head of the Church has ordained that there shall be Elders in every church; neither can any church prosper long at a time, without a Pastor, or Elder. For lack of this our early churches suffered much, nor was it possible for us to take proper care of our churches. This caused many to go over to the Baptists, and Methodists, that they might thereby enjoy the blessing of a constant ministry. Many wandered from the fold into the world for the want of being well taken care of; so upon the whole, on this ground we have been very great losers. It was a favorite doctrine in all our early churches that there were gifts in the church, such as prayer and exhortation, which ought to be improved in public meetings, as well

as those of preaching. This doctrine I now firmly believe. But in those early days, I am constrained to say that in the injudicious use of this privilege great evil was done. For it is certain that many who had not gifts to speak either to the edification of saints, or the conviction of sinners, were the most forward to occupy the time, and such become a great burthen to the church, and gave the enemy great occasion to blaspheme. If any attempt was made to correct such an evil, the cry was immediately made, 'You want to take away our liberties, you want to bring us into bondage, you want to be popular, you want to be a Lord over God's heritage,' &c. &c. The question will now arise, how shall this evil be remedied in such a manner as not to stop the exercise of these valuable gifts? Answer. Let the *church* judge of these gifts as they do of preaching gifts, and also approve the same. If a brother says, 'God has called me to preach, the church does not approve or hear such a brother, unless they can discover preaching gifts in him. In the same manner let the church judge impartially of *all gifts*. I do not believe that *every man, women, and child* who are converted, have gifts to speak in public meetings. Circumstances have often occurred like the following. The sermon has

been delivered in a most solemn, spiritual and judicious manner. Saints have been made happy, and sinners have been solemnly impressed. But a weak brother or sister arises, merely because they feel happy and want to express it. Yet they can say nothing to edification, and the good impressions are often injured. But it is said such an one has as good right as any other, and he ought to speak to clear his own mind. But let us remember that the true object of speaking is *not to edify ourselves, but to edify others.*

"I have never questioned the piety, and good intentions of such brethren; but to me there is a deep importance to be attached to the charge, that every thing should be done decently and in order. Saint Paul says, that though many things are perfectly lawful, they are not expedient.

"I do not speak with *authority* on this point. I have no disposition to shackle any man's mind, or to deprive him of his testimony. But it does seem to me that there is a fitness in all things pertaining to the Church of Christ, and I would add my dying, to my living testimony against a practice, which I have no doubt has caused many a schism among brethren, broken up Churches, and hindered the

work of God. I know that many of my brethren sympathise with me in this; although I am aware that many others think that what I have recommended would be inconsistent with the freedom we possess.

"To such let me say, there is a heaven-wide difference between liberty to do what is right and proper and seemly, and liberty to do what is wrong and unseemly. One is *freedom;* the other *license.* Wholesome restraint is perfectly consonent with true freedom—indeed there can be no *true* freedom without it, for liberty without restraint is anarchy. No man has freedom to infringe the freedom of any other man. Now if an injudicious brother or sister, in the full enjoyment of what he, or she, calls liberty, usurps the time and freedom of others, then he, or she, is bound to submit to such restraints as the majority demand in order to *their* enjoyment of liberty and peace. And if they have not discretion enough to know when they are misusing their liberty, where is the impropriety that the church, through its elders, should subject them to such restraints as the peace, enjoyment and freedom of the body require?

"But I leave the subject here; believing that if I am right, the thing will work itself out by and by, and if I am wrong, time will prove that

also. Indeed I rejoice to believe that a great change for the better has already taken place in this respect, and I hope yet before I die to see still more to confirm me in the views above stated."

The reformation which commenced in the little flock in English street, soon spread into the other societies; first into the Baptist, then into the Congregationalists. The result of this extensive revival of religion was the conversion of many hundreds, and their addition to the churches. It is curious here to observe, that while the "revival" was confined to the humble flock which worshipped in the small Tabernacle in English street, the other sects denounced it as delusion, and their ministers decried it from the pulpit. "But as soon as it extended to their people," says Elder Jones, "it was the unquestionable work of God."

The Society was small and poor, but, adds the Journal of its early Pastor, "generous as the air we breathe." They however, could by no means support their minister and his family. He was accordingly compelled to resort to some secular engagement, in order to subsist. While he travelled from one point to another, he and his horse were fed by the bounty of individual friends, and his wardrobe occasionally supplied

in the same way. But when he settled down and resolved to spend all his time in any one place, he was compelled to seek some kind of employment for a livelihood, which could be pursued without interfering with his multiplied pastoral labors. Accordingly in the winter of 1809-10, he opened in his own hired house a day school for the study of the common branches of education, and an evening school to teach sacred music.

Thus then, he labored, six hours in each of the six days of the week, in school; three evenings in singing school and three in religious meetings, besides preaching three times on each Sabbath, and oftentimes riding for that purpose forty or fifty miles.

About this time there crept into the church controversies about the freedom of church members. A few troublesome persons had attached themselves to the church, who were continually fermenting discord. "They professed," says Elder Jones, in his Journal, "to be governed by the *Spirit*, and a most *perverse* spirit it was." It was unfortunate for the church, that the "spirit," whatever it was, was not *laid* early, for it increased in power, until, in 1821, it divided the church into two parties, both of which have since dissolved and disappeared.

In June, 1811, Elder Jones took a journey

into the Southern part of Massachusetts, and attended, at Assonet village, in Freetown, a general meeting of the Christian Brethren. This is the *first* meeting of the kind of which he has spoken. Whether it was the first in the connexion, or not, I cannot tell, but have thought it of sufficient importance to extract a passage from the journal in relation to it.

"In June, 1811, made my first visit to the South part of this State. Attended a general meeting at Assonet Village, and preached the ordaining Sermon of Elder Benjamin Taylor; who was formerly a member of the Salem church. A very great collection of people attended, and it was a heavenly season. The Assonet church was large and flourishing, and had a good Meeting House. Elder Philip Hathaway was then their preacher and well engaged. The church had formerly been a Baptist church, but had several years before this left the Baptist name and all creeds, and came over and joined the *Christian connexion.* It was at this meeting that I formed the first happy acquaintance with the venerable Elder Daniel Hix of Dartmouth, who had recently renounced all party names and united with us."

After returning to Salem, and preaching there and in the region round about, until early in the

winter of 1812, he determined to leave Salem. He had two reasons for so doing. First, he had become convinced that his usefulness in Salem was very much circumscribed from the causes above alluded to ; and secondly, "an open door presented in another quarter." But I will let him speak for himself.

"The forepart of this winter, I received a unanimous invitation to go to Portsmouth and become their preacher ; and after many weeks consideration, and after asking counsel of God, I became convinced that it was best to go ; although it was very hard parting with Salem friends ; notwithstanding a few crooked sticks who were doubtless glad to get me out of their way. In Feburary, I made a visit of two weeks among my Portsmouth friends, and finally concluded to move my family thither in the spring ; which accordingly I did, about the last of March.

"I will here take the liberty to relate an exercise of my mind, while returning from my first visit to Portsmouth. When I started for Salem, I intended to go directly home, but I soon began to feel a strong disposition to go to Bradford. As I travelled on, my mind was more and more impressed with the idea of going to Bradford, until I arrived at Salisbury, where two ways met. I must now make up my mind which

way to go. I had made my arrangements to be at home that day, and I could not be willing to give it up, for I had no distinct object in going to Bradford. I raised many objections against going. A heavy snow had fallen, and the travelling was bad. I wanted to get home and see my family. It looked like perfect nonsense to go thither I knew not for what, only because I happened to have a *feeling* as though I must go ; for I had no appointment, nor any expectation of preaching. But all this would not silence the impression ; which finally prevailed, and off I turned for Bradford, still saying to myself, I am going on "*Tom-fool's errand.*" After taking the Bradford road, I found the snow deep, the track but poorly broken, and the travelling dull and heavy. I could not help calling in question whether I was not *playing the fool*, in going thither. I took a retrospect of my past life, since having began to preach. What a strange life ! I had wandered in the wilderness among the poor. Travelled the hill-country, and traversed the wide plains. I had spent more than ten years of the very flower of my life. Already had I spent hundreds of dollars out my own pocket, more than I had ever received, and what good had I done ; and now I am going to Bradford *fool like*, I know not for

what. Be assured, reader, that I felt foolish enough. How humbling to native pride to be entirely devoted to God, and how much we need humbling. How strait is the way to heaven, and eternal life. Wild enthusiasm will turn you out on one side of the path, and on the other, if we disobey the real impressions of God's Spirit, we must spiritually die.

"While thus musing, the following lines came into my mind, to which I gave the name of the

MINISTER'S CORDIAL.

1. I know my labors in the Lord,
While I am trusting in his word;
Shall never, never be in vain—
He does my feeble soul sustain.

2. The word which saith, go, preach repent,
This is the work for which I'm sent,
Sweet cordial words "Lo I'm with you,"
Bear up my soul the rough way through.

3. The word saith, "feed my lambs, and sheep,
With them rejoice, and with them weep;
Water the garden of the Lord,
And you shall feast upon his word."

4. When through deep trials like Saint Paul,
My pathway leads me there to fall,
To God I'll look, by constant prayer,
'Till clouds blow off with a clear air.

5 Then to the business of the day,
In all I do to watch and pray,
In sorrow plough and sow my seed,
Leave all with Christ, my course he'll speed.

6 All in due season I shall reap,
Though while I'm sowing here, I weep.
Great things I'll say the Lord hath done,
Through him the victor's crown I've won.

"I sung the hymn as I rode along, all excepting the last stanza, which I afterwards added while riding in a snow storm. I arrived at Bradford just as it was growing dark. The question was immediately put by a brother, will you preach this evening? the answer was affirmative. A horse was harnessed and a man set off full speed to notify the people. A considerable number soon collected, and the Lord gave the word in power. From that very evening a reformation began and continued through the winter, spring and summer.

"After this I made it a general rule to preach in Bradford once in two weeks, while the reformation continued. A goodly number were brought into the fold of Christ at this time. And among others, Charles O. Kimball, now pastor of the Baptist church in Methuen. This worthy man was then a lad of thirteen, when I first visited Bradford, living with his grandfather,

Frances Kimball; who, with his wife were among the first *nine* whom I baptised in that town. This was one of my good homes as long as he lived. Charles was always very attentive to my horse; I used to say to him, Charles, take good care of my horse, and when you get to be a minister, and come to my house, I will take good care of yours. Since he was a preacher he called at my house, but I could not redeem my pledge, for I was not at home, for which I was very sorry."

It was in the spring of 1813, as I think—for the regular journal of Elder Jones is here interrupted — that he removed his family to Portsmouth. He found the church and society feeble, and religion in general in a very low state. His tarry in Portsmouth was but of two years' duration, in which time, although not much occurred of interest to him, many memorable events took place. The war, then but recently declared upon Great Britain by the United States, was raging fiercely on the New England coast, and Portsmouth suffered its full share of the excitement and evil. The place was completely blockaded by the British fleet for a number of months, and the inhabitants were greatly distressed, and lived in a constant state of terror. Alarms were frequent, and the town presented the constant appearance of a beseiged city.

Several regiments of troops were quartered upon the town, and provisions became exceedingly scarce and dear. Those who could leave their affairs, had already removed to a safer retreat, while many others were ready, with their household stuff ready packed, to start at the first booming of the enemy's cannon. Among these was Elder Jones.

When the enemy appeared off the town there were scarcely any bulwarks of defence to repel the attack of so formidable a foe, and I remember the consternation which prevailed. I think it was on Saturday. The next day the churches were closed, for the worshippers were all drafted to turn out and throw up redoubts on the most defensible points at the entrance of the town. There was a general turn out from all professions and avocations, and without respect to the day. In the evening, however, the churches were opened and thronged, and many a prayer was raised to the "God of battles," that he would scatter their foes, and send them peace.

The muse of Elder Jones was propitious on the great occasion, and I refer the reader to the Appendix for the result.*

*See Appendix, Note C.

In the midst of all this distress, the horrors of the scene were dreadfully increased by an awful conflagration, which burned down a large part of the town, and rendered many families, not only houseless, but penniless. Nearly three hundred dwelling houses were consumed, and nearly four hundred families were turned into the streets in one of the coldest nights of December.

"It was," says Elder Jones, who was an eye witness to the whole scene, and rendered very efficient help on the occasion, by his remarkable presence of mind and great activity in saving property and life—and whose daring generosity nearly cost him his own life during that awful night—"it was indeed a deplorable sight. Whole streets presented a double line of flame, or a dark and confused mass of smouldering ruins. The goods and furniture either perished in the buildings, or were only thrown into the street to make a bonfire by themselves. Women and children, with dishevelled hair, and eyes that spoke too plainly their grief and terror, ran shrieking through the burning streets, either in search of some relative or friend, or too demented to have any definite object in view. Here was a distracted mother desparingly calling on her husband and children, there the heart-

broken father and husband inquiring for his wife and children ; and the little ones wandering to and fro, piteously crying for their parents. Some, again, were gazing on the ruin going on all around them in a perfect stupor of grief and surprise. No tear bedewed their cheek, no sound escaped the lips, no motion was made by any member of their bodies, and they started not at the fearful crash of falling houses, or the hoarse cry of the brazen-throated firemen.

"A police was organized as soon as the confusion would permit. Property was protected as far as was practicable, and all the children who were found destitute of protection were picked up and taken to a place of safety.

"Many were the maternal bosoms who mourned their little ones as dead, in the awful gloom of that memorable night. What a joy then to behold the scene which opened the morning of the next day ! The children were all assembled in the town Hall, to the number of a hundred or more, and the crier sent forth with his bell to announce to all whose children were missing, that they were waiting for their appearance. Then flocked the weeping parents to the spot, hoping and fearing. Oh ! what a meeting was that, and what pen shall essay the vain attempt to describe it ! Not a child was missing

and not one but found its parents. In all that dreadful burning not a human life was lost, and but one person suffered the fracture of a limb.

"During all this time the British fleet was riding at anchor in sight of the town, but made no attempt to enter it. It was known that the fire was the hellish work of incendiaries, and many supposed that they were the emissaries of the enemy.

"This year was also remarkable for its being the commencement of a series of cold and backward seasons which found a fit termination in the ever memorable cold summer of 1816. These and the war, as may well be supposed, produced a season of great scarcity, in which provisions of all kinds were very dear, and the poor were much pinched. Cloth of all descriptions, was also very high, so that I found it exceedingly difficult to live very comfortably. The society was small and the members of it generally poor, and were unable to do by me as their generous hearts would prompt."

Manufactories then were few in number, and those few very much embarrassed; and much of the cloth worn at this time was spun and woven by hand. About this time Elder Jones made a tour into New Hampshire and Vermont; for he

could no more make Portsmouth his home, than he had Boston and Salem before it. While on this journey he purchased a piece of cloth, and "on returning," he says, "I had myself and every member of my family clad from head to foot in a dress of homespun, and a very good dress it was."

He was prompted to this not only on the score of economy, but by patriotism. He says ;—

"On deciding to make the tour, I found a new coat was needed, so out I went in search of a piece of cloth for the purpose. I travelled nearly half over town, and went into nearly all the shops, but found that the price of cloths had more than doubled since I last purchased a coat. I could not and would not pay the exorbitant price, as it seemed to me, and I resolved from that time that I would not, nor suffer any of my family to purchase a foreign imported article of dress, while the war lasted—a resolution which I religiously kept. So I went home, picked out the best among my old coats, had it brushed up, turned, and new buttoned, and started on my journey without my new coat."

I have spoken of his straitened circumstances, during his residence in Portsmouth. There were seasons when he hardly knew how to procure bread enough for the day before him. I

cannot forbear relating an incident to which he used often to refer, to illustrate his favorite doctrine, that God would especially provide for such as devoted themselves to the work of his appointment. It is also illustrative of his character in other respects. He was compelled, from the dribbling character of his remuneration, which was taken weekly in the form of contributions—how well do I remember the anxiety we all felt on Sunday afternoon, on coming out of church, to know the amount of our *weeks' salary!* sometimes not reaching even a dollar—to live as the phrase is, "from hand to mouth," seldom having more than a three days stock of provision on hand.

"On Saturday morning,"—how often I have heard the good old man relate the story, which, however, it might affect others, never failed to bring tears into his own eyes—"as I was sitting in my study, pondering the poverty of my condition, my wife came in with her accustomed inquiry of 'well, Mr Jones, what shall we have for dinner?' adding, 'we have not a grain of meal,'—flour was out of the question—n or a particle of meat of any kind in the house. Then the sugar is out, there is no butter, and in fact there is nothing to eat, and tomorrow is Sunday.' So saying she quit the room, leaving

me in such a state of mind as may well be conceived, when I say that a solitary one dollar bank note, was the only money I had on earth, and no prospect whatever appeared of getting any until the accustomed weekly contribution should be put in my hands. And what would a single dollar do at the prevailing high prices, towards feeding seven hungry mouths for two whole days? I saw no way of escape, and in the agony of spirit which may well be guessed, I lifted up my heart in supplication to Him who feedeth the ravens when they cry. And a *singular* answer to my prayer I seemed speedily to attain.

"I had just risen from my knees, when my wife again appeared at the door, all unconscious of the struggle which was going on within me, and ushered a gentleman into my study. His whole appearance was of that shabby genteel which betokens a broken-down gentleman, and from the first moment of beholding him, I took him to my confidence as unfortunate but not debased. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am a stranger to you, and you are utterly so to me, save that I once heard you preach in ———. My home is in that place—if indeed I may now claim a home. I sailed from that port nearly a year since, with all my earthly possessions

embarked in a promising adventure. My ship fell into the hands of the enemy and I became a prisoner, my property of course became lawful plunder. After suffering many hardships and much indignity, I effected my escape on board a vessel bound to St. John. From that place to this I have worked my way along with incredible fatigue and pain. I have suffered much from hunger, cold and wet, and have slept many a night in the open woods. And here I am, in one word, Sir, *penniless*, and altogether too much worn down to proceed further without aid. I have friends in ———, to whom I am pressing on as fast as I can, and who will relieve my necessities when I reach them. I am an utter stranger in your town, and you are the only person I ever knew or saw in the whole place. I cannot beg, and I feel entirely reluctant to ask a loan of an utter stranger.'

"Here was a struggle. *I* was poor, *very* poor; but here was one poorer than I. I had a hungry family to feed—so had he; and more, a heart-broken one, who were even now mourning him as dead. I could hesitate no longer. I thrust my hand mechanically into my pocket, and pulling out my last dollar, which I pressed upon the unfortunate mariner — for he could hardly be persuaded to take it, when he knew

how low my finances were,—I blessed him in God's name, and he left me with no words of thanks; but I knew that, had I from a *full* purse bestowed a liberal sum, he could not have *felt* more grateful.

"When he had gone, and absolute hunger for me and mine, stared me full in the face, I began to doubt the propriety of my act in taking the very bread from my children's mouths to feed a stranger. But it was now too late to repent. The last dollar was gone and my children must go dinnerless and supperless to bed. For myself I cared nothing, but how would my *family* bear this unusual fasting? I seized my hat and cane and rushed into the street to escape from my own thoughts, which had become too painful to endure. I knew not—cared not whither I should bend my steps.

"As I walked moodily and mechanically on, 'thinking o'er all the bitterness' of my situation, suddenly the thought came into my mind:—'why should I despond? Have I ever gone hungry, even for a day—me and mine? Has not the Lord provided hitherto? And will he not in time to come?—in the *present* time?' I had scarcely concluded this soliloquy, when one of my neighbors, whom I knew to be a Universalist, and whom I had occasionally seen at our

meetings—the members of his family came frequently—accosted me with, 'good morning, Mr Jones. I have been thinking for some time past that I ought to discharge a debt I owe you.' I was not aware, I replied, that you had incurred such an obligation. 'O, but I have,' said he, 'my family goes occasionally to hear you preach, and once in a while I go myself. Now as the laborer is worthy of his hire, and as I wish no man to labor for me without pay, I beg you will accept this trifle as in part a liquidation of the debt.

"The '*trifle*,' was a five dollar note, which I received with feelings, that I will not mock by attempting to describe. I returned to my house, and after again falling on my knees, humbled under a sense of my want of confidence in God, and grateful for his goodness to me, all unworthy as I felt myself to be; I sallied forth to the market, and soon came back ladened with the things necessary to our comfort."

This prolific year was also remarkable for a growth of fanaticism. Many turned prophets, and great things were predicted—awful conflagrations, terrible slaughter of our armies, the subjugation of our Republic, the second coming of the Messiah, and the end of the world. Among others of that day who were found like Saul of

old, among the number of the prophets, was one Nimrod Hughes, of Virginia.

"He prophecied that on a certain day in June, one third of the inhabitants of the United States, would be destroyed by a terrible tempest. He said his prophecy would be treated just as the people treated Noah's prophecy concerning the deluge, and that it would be equally true, and when it should come, he should see people flying through the air and crying, now we know that Hughes' prophecy is true. This frightened many people, who feared it would actually be so. Several inquired of me to know what I thought of it. I told them that one part of it was true, viz: that it would be treated as the people treated Noah's prophecy of the deluge; for I was one of them, and that if Hughes' prophecy was true, on that day I should be destroyed; but that I did not believe a word of it."

"I have been informed while in the State of New York, that the following circumstances gave rise to Hughes' prophecy. As the account was related to me, the said Nimrod was a dealer in leather, and failing in business, and not being able to pay his debts, was imprisoned therefor. And that a certain wicked priest suggested the idea to Nimrod of writing this prophecy, that the sale thereof might enable him to

pay his debts. This priest assisted him in hatching this fiery flying serpent, and so it was printed—the profits of which soon released poor Nimrod from prison. I have seen a whimsical ballad setting forth these circumstances."

In the autumn of 1814, owing to the invasion, and the constant surprise and alarms which on that account prevailed, as well as to that spirit of travel which would not let him remain long at home, Elder Jones thought it best to remove his family to a place of more security. He accordingly hired a house in Stratham, ten miles from Portsmouth, where his family resided for a year. During this year he was at home but little, making several extensive journeys; visiting and confirming the churches and preaching the glad tidings of salvation.

On one of these journeys he spent some time in Hopkinton, N. H., then the shire town of the county, and a place of much promise. The church was destitute of a stated ministry and he was invited to remain and take the charge of it. After prayerfully considering it, he decided to go there, and accordingly moved his family thither some time in November, A. D. 1815. I remember well that removal and some particular circumstances in connexion therewith. It so happened that, owing to a storm of snow

which prevented our journeying, we were compelled to travel a few miles on Sabbath morning, in order to reach the place and enable him to fulfill an engagement. Sabbath riding, in those palmy days of tything men and Sunday police, was not as common as in these degenerate times, and a great deal of pious horror was expressed. Indeed so strong was the feeling of indignation in certain circles, that it became doubtful whether he would ever be restored to favor. But like other things of the kind, after being a "nine days' wonder," it was displaced by other topics and forgotten.

Elder Jones moved into the same house with deacon Philip Brown, then an efficient member of the church, but afterwards much more so. At this time he was a watch-maker and jeweller, at which occupation he toiled honestly and laboriously for a livelihood. In those days it was not thought an act of obliquity to enter largely into that destructive species of gambling called lotteries. Now it so happened that one of the deacon's tickets turned him up the handsome prize of twentyfive thousand dollars, which it must be confessed he turned to very good purposes. He was at that time a very good friend of Elder Jones, and they were hand-and-glove in all matters pertaining to the course of liberal

theology in that place ; although in the end he was the chief instrument of driving him from his pulpit and the town, and of introducing calvinistic preaching into his place. At any rate the church became a Baptist church and remains so to this day.

I find but very little in the *religious* history of Elder Jones during the seven years he resided in Hopkinton. There is a complete hiatus in his *journal* for ten or twelve years from this period, and which I am compelled to supply from my own memory and such data as I can obtain from his family and friends. There were several events, however, which are among the most conspicuous of his life and which I think quite worthy of being recorded in this brief memoir.

The winter of 1815, was remarkable for the appearance in many parts of the United States, of that terrible scourge, the "Spotted Fever," or "Cold Plague," which spread terror throughout the whole land, and cut off more of our citizens than the bloody war then nearly at its close. This disease made its appearance, among other places, in Hopkinton, and it was the means of bringing Elder Jones into considerable notoriety and extensive medical practice. It happened this wise ;—and was ever attributed by him to a Providential interposition.

The winter was, as many who read these pages will sadly remember, an unusually severe one. The snow fell early and deep, and lay on the ground until late in the Spring, which was succeeded by the coldest summer on record in the history of New England.

Deerfield, in N. H., is situated nearly thirty miles from Hopkinton, in an easterly direction. The practising and principle physician residing there, was one Doctor Graves, an old and intimate friend of Elder Jones, and if I do not mistake, a fellow student with him at Hanover.

One of the coldest evenings in December of that terrible winter, as we were all sitting around our fire, having but just concluded our evening meal, we were conscious of having a visitor, by the jingling of sleigh bells as some one drove into the yard at a spanking rate. Presently a loud rap at the door announced his determination to seek entrance. Elder Jones went to the door and found a stranger there muffled to the eyes in furs, and having the appearance of having travelled far, as his hair and whiskers were heavily covered with frost, and his face of that purple hue which is produced by long exposure to the keen northwest winds of our New England winters.

"Does *Doctor* Jones live here?" inquired the stranger.

"I am *Elder* Jones," he replied.

"Well, Doctor, or Elder, I've a message for you."

"Walk in," said Elder Jones, and speedily he was ushered into the little parlor, where we so comfortably occupied our various situations.

"Will you be seated, sir, and let me take your hat?

"No, sir," was the stranger's reply, "not until I have delivered my message, which is too important long to delay."

"Well, sir, go on then," said Elder Jones, who began to think the man somewhat demented, and thus humored him that he might be the sooner rid of him. The man went on.

"I come, sir, from Dr Graves, of Deerfield, who, he tells me, is an early friend of yours. Our little town is suffering all the horrors of that awful pestilence, the spotted fever. Dr Graves is nearly dead himself with fatigue, and many of the sick actually die before he can see them. He must have assistance or the mortality will be awful. He knows no one whom he can trust in this fearful disease except yourself, and he has enjoined it on me neither to eat, or sleep, until I have solemnly conjured you to come down and lend him a hand in his work of life. Will you go?"

"I cannot, it is not possible that I should."

"If you have one particle of humanity in your bosom, (and if Dr Graves has not strangely belied you, I have large grounds of appeal) let me beseech you not to give me a denial."

"I cannot go," again answered Elder Jones. "I have entirely given up the practice of medicine, and have nearly forgotten what I once knew concerning it. I should not dare to commence practice without considerable study; and beside, I have utterly abandoned the profession, and do not mean to return to it. I am a preacher of the gospel. I have charge of this religious people, and I have no right to leave them destitute. Besides, I cannot leave my family so long in this inclement season unprovided and uncared for. In one word I *cannot* go, and it will be utterly useless for you to urge me further on this subject."

The messenger returned on the morrow. But in just one week from that evening, in as clear and bleak a night as one would wish to see, when the very atmosphere rang like a bell from the slightest concussion, we were all roused from our slumbers by a thundering knock at the door, and which proved to be from the self-same messenger, whose unsuccessful visit I have just related. He had come, he said, with the solemn injunc

tion never to return without *Doctor* Jones. The fever had increased to a degree truly terrific. From four to seven died daily, and the day before (Sunday) there were five corpses carried into the church for funeral service. At first the *Doctor* declared in the most positive terms, he could not go. But after a while finding he could not get rid of the importunity of the man, he told him he would go in two, or three days, or as soon as he could make arrangments for his pulpit and family. But that would not satisfy him: hundreds might die before that time.—

"Well, then," said Elder Jones, "I will go in the morning." But this would not satisfy the messenger. "The sun must rise upon them both in Deerfield." And at last he actually persuaded him to go; and at 1 o'clock, A. M. they were on their way, and actually reached Deerfield before day break, the messenger having left it after sunset.

A few general instructions were all Dr Graves could give the *now Doctor* Jones, and putting his black boy into the sleigh with him to show him the way, he was actually in full career of medical practice before nine o'clock, A. M.

He tarried here a number of weeks, being wholly occupied day and night by an extensive and successful practice, until the pestilence had

so far subsided as to enable Dr Graves to take charge of all the patients, when he returned to his home worn down with fatigue and nearly sick from his continual exposure.

Hitherto not a case of the disease had appeared in Hopkinton. On the evening after his return, we were all sitting around the hospitable hearth of Deacon Brown, listening with awe and fear to the account Elder Jones gave us of the singular and fatal epidemic. A young lady who was a visiter there, and who was exceeding nervous withal, was one of the circle of listeners. She suddenly left the room, and on being followed, complained of feeling a slight pain in one of her limbs. Elder Jones was called out and pronounced it a case of spotted fever, of a most malignant type. In an hour she was a raving maniac. She had a severe attack but recovered. Within a week's time there were twenty cases in the town, in various parts.

It had been noised abroad that he had been absent, and for what. And as soon as it was known that he had returned, he was called on to go in every direction, so that in one week's time both day and night were fully occupied. From this time he was fully employed. His treatment of the fever, was unlike that of most of the physicians, who resorted to depletives, with a most

fatal effect, and his practice was wonderfully successful.

The plague appeared soon after in the neighboring towns, and his practice extended itself on every hand ; so fully was his time occupied, that at one time for the space of *fourteen days* he never once slept out of the clothes he wore during the day, and I have heard him say that during that time the harness was never taken from his horse, but to change it to the back of a fresh one.

These were indeed mournful times. Every face was shrouded in gloom. No one could feel that he was exempt for an hour, and many a one who was in apparently perfect health, was in eternity within that short space of time. I could give here, were this the place, many particular and highly interesting details of this dreadful visitation, but it would not fall in with the plan I have laid down.

It may well be supposed that Elder Jones could give but an exceedingly small share of his time or attention to his ministerial duties. Such was, indeed, the fact. I have known him to be summoned from the pulpit in the midst of his discourse, and again to be sent after to attend some one who was seized in church while he was absent.

When "the plague was stayed," he found it impossible to retire from the practice of medicine. He had become extensively known, and those who had employed him in the prevailing disease, were disposed to try his skill in others. He could not well decline the many urgent calls that were made upon him, and so he continued in the regular practice as long as he stayed in Hopkinton.

It was while residing here that he became convinced of the evils resulting from the habitual use of intoxicating drinks. At that time it was indeed a strange thing to find a man who did not indulge in the habit of drinking. There was a great outcry against excessive drunkenness, but it was thought quite necessary that the laborer, and the doctor, and all others who were exposed to cold and heat, should take a little to keep the cold out in winter and the heat out in summer. And here again his conscientiousness came to prompt him, for no sooner came the conviction than the resolution followed to abandon its use. And not only so, but to eject it altogether from his dwelling.

Well do I remember, that up to this time, the morning sling came as regularly as the singing of the kettle on the hob, and we children used to expect our share of it as much as our part of the

breakfast. But a change came, at last, as much to our surprise as annoyance, for we had learned to *expect* it, and had already acquired a love for it so strong as to suffer a severe disappointment when it was withheld. How little do those parents think of the ruin they are bringing upon their offspring, by fostering in them a love for strong drinks. They are nursing a viper which shall sting to the soul both parent and child, when repentance comes too late and reformation is not to be hoped for.

Elder Jones had formed the resolution, and waited the opportunity to carry it into effect; for the present fashion of "breaking short off at once and forever," had not then come in vogue. So he concluded to drink up what he had in the house and then leave off. Well, day after day rolled on and the jugs of "Jamaica," "Best Hollands," and "Cogniac," remained unreplenished, albeit many significant hints came from the *maternal* and filial departments. For a week I had not been sent to "the store" for "the needful"—for he ever kept an open house and heart, and that *was* a strange kind of hospitality in those days which did not furnish the means of intoxication—and there were many thirstings for a sip again of the palate-tempting and inspiriting beverage. Now it so turned out that his better

half had invited "a party to spend the evening," about this time, and many were the preparations necessary to be made for the occasion. There were invited the honorable Judge A. Esquire B. Colonel C. Docter D. and others, with their ladies, the very *elite* of the village. The good wife, anxious that nothing should be wanting, mentioned the fact of the *empty* jugs to the master of the house repeatedly during the day, receiving only the very significant reply, "I'll see to that, by and by." At last, late in the day, or while the guests were assembling, on being again urged to send for some spirit, he announced his intention to offer the company nothing stronger than——cider. His wife was thunderstruck. She could not conceive the thing possible. "What, a party and no 'toddy?' What *would* the company think and say? It will become the town's talk and we shall appear ridiculous in the eyes of everybody. Such a thing was never heard of." But he had made up his mind and was not to be easily turned aside. He was insensible alike to expostulation and entreaty, and so the company was assembled. At the usual time for refreshments—what a misnomer—two large piles of apples, each flanked with a pitcher of cider, were presented: when Elder Jones rose, and calling the attention of

the company, gave them his views and determinations. It was a great damper to the festivities of the evening, and the thing did indeed become, as his wife had predicted, the town's talk ; some laughed at the thing as a good *economical* joke ; some sneered at the overscrupulous parson, and others, not a few, men and women of good sense, approved. What the effect of the act was on the community I do not know, but it was a new era in our household, and from that day the spirit of alcohol warmed no longer the morning devotion of our family altar.

There were two extensive revivals in Hopkinton under the administration of Elder Jones. Many were added to the church of which he was pastor, and many to the Congregationalist church. Although quite young at the time, I remember that Elder Jones and his pious wife were extremely anxious that the revival should not pass over without bringing into the church some of the members of their own family. In this they were not holly disappointed. And I believe that impressions were made upon the minds of all their children which never left them. There are many persons now living in Hopkinton, who will forever remember Elder Jones, as the instrument of their salvation, and whose name they will love and revere now that he has fallen asleep in death.

He encountered, while in Hopkinton, no small share of personal abuse and persecution from certain quarters, because of his zeal and success in his ministry, and he was boldly denominated a fanatic in religion, as well as a *quack* in medicine. Either accusation was alike true. And I verily believe that both are to be attributed to envy excited by his success. The treatment he received from the medical practitioners of the town and neighborhood, was both cruel and ungentlemanly ; considering the assurance and evidence he gave them of his having been regularly educated as a physician, and entered upon the practice of medicine.

This, however, did not move him. He pursued the even tenor of his way, doing good wherever and whenever opportunity presented, rejoicing in the consciousness of his integrity, and in the thought that whatever might be the judgment of his fellow-creatures, it could not destroy the present consciousness of rectitude, nor effect the final decision of the Judge of all the earth.

During the residue of his sojourn in Hopkinton, I recollect of nothing particularly worthy to be inserted here. He continued in the practice of medicine during the whole time. Although he tried hard to get entirely rid of it, he

could not without violating his feelings. No matter how much he neglected his business, he was only beset the more by those who had heretofore been his patients. He was at once physician to the body and the soul. He was never obtrusive, but never suffered a suitable opportunity to pass, when the good counsel and prayers of a good man might be of avail. This endeared him to many of his patients, and not a few in the relation of their christian experience, have attributed their first enduring impressions to his faithful admonitions and earnest prayers at their sick-bed-side.

While Elder Jones resided in Hopkinton, he travelled less than during any other period of his life. He occasionally, however, during a season of comparative health, journeyed among his friends in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; and once into the States of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey. But it ill suited his roving disposition to have so many home-ties, and he grew uneasy and dissatisfied, and determined to leave at once his profession of medicine and his pulpit in Hopkinton. I do not say but there were other considerations which induced him to go. Indeed I know that there were many. They certainly were not pecuniary ones: for he had laid by a considerable sum

of money, from the proceeds of his practice, and might have continued in the practice and accumulated a handsome fortune.

But there was a growing dissatisfaction in the church, which was sorely divided. One portion were in favor and another against the pastor. The objections arose mainly, I believe, from considerations of Doctrinal belief. Some of the leading members were, or professed to be, Calvinistic in their views, and were desirous of attaching themselves to the Baptist communion. This object they accomplished at the removal of Elder Jones, and the church is now, as I have before stated, a Baptist church. Beside these things, there had been a growing dissatisfaction with some in reference to his devotion to Free Masonry, as I shall shortly have occasion to say.

He left Hopkinton with extreme reluctance, notwithstanding. He had formed a very extensive acquaintance, embracing many valued friends, and who continued so to the day of their or hisdeath. He lived in his own house in a very delightful neighborhood, and was on terms o intimacy and friendship with all his neighbors. His two eldest daughters had married and were well settled close by the paternal abode, and not one of the household was desirous of a removal.

But he yearned for "freedom to serve God," as he said, and accordingly in the spring of 1821, he settled up his affairs and made arrangements to leave the place of his arduous and double labors.

In his journeyings he had visited his old flock in Salem, and found them destitute and desolate. They were without a pastor, and they beset him to tarry among them and resume his labors among them. They were really broken up, and could offer but little inducements of a pecuniary kind. But this was never a consideration with him. There is not on record an account of his leaving a parish because it was small and poor, or of his going to one because it was rich and prosperous. Indeed he *never* went to a prosperous parish. It is peculiar to every removal of his whole clerical life, that he left a better for a worse external condition. Moreover, there was never a removal of his that was not prompted by consciousness that it was his solemn duty, and a fervent desire to bestow his labors in that part of Christ's vineyard where they were most needed. This is no eulogistic assertion, as those who best know him, or know him at all, will abundantly testify. Indeed I never knew a minister of God more conscientiously devoted to his work, and who, at the bidding of duty, would more cheerfully sacrifice every worldly

good or bodily ease. In leaving Hopkinton he sacrificed thousands of dollars. He gave charge to the attorney with whom he left his business, to sue none at the law and not to press such as he believed unable to pay—to take a *per centum* on the bills of such as were not fully able to pay, according to their ability, and to discharge the rest. Indeed, before he left, he looked over his books, and wrote "Balanced and settled," underneath all the accounts of such as he believed unable to pay them without distressing their families. And who shall doubt that for every dollar thus stricken off, he laid up large treasures in "the store-house of Faith," hich he is now enjoying, and a liberal interest of which he always declared he enjoyed even in the present life.

At the time of his residence in Hopkinton Free Masonry was at the height of its glory. Chapters and Lodges were established in every considerable town and village in New England, and the holidays of the Order were observed in all the gorgeous and unmeaning pageantry of outward display. Scarcely a breath of suspicion rested on the "Holy Fraternity," and few professional men were to be found who had not been admitted to the cabalistic meaning of those signs and emblems which used to dazzle and as-

tonish childhood and so ill become manhood. There were a few men, however, even then, who were most bitterly opposed to Masonry. Among these was deacon Darling, of his own church, and one of his most ardent admirers and warmest friends. He was violently opposed to any one becoming a mason, and in a minister of God it was the unpardonable sin. So when Elder Jones became a mason, the good deacon broke friendship with him and became his bitter foe, remaining so to the time of his death.

Elder Jones was a zealous mason, and devoted all the energies of his being to ascend the mystical ladder. Nor was he content until he rested on its topmost round. That he had the slightest suspicion of its evil tendencies I do not believe. He considered it a combination for useful, humane, intellectual, and even moral purposes. His greatest regard for it, however, was in an intellectual point of view. But he was devoted to it as heartily and sincerely as ever man was, and spent much of his time in attention to it.

When the great excitement against Free Masonry prevailed through the length and breadth of our country, he withdrew from the body altogether. In this he was actuated wholly by motives of expediency, and not because of any conviction of the truth of the allegations against Ma-

sonry. He believed that his connexion with the body would prove injurious to his success as a preacher, and furthermore that masonry, however useful it might have been—and he devoutly believed that it had been so—had outlived its age and was not worth preserving as a public institution. For such further information as any of his masonic brethren may desire, I shall throw together such material as I have found among his writings which are calculated to throw light upon this subject, and present them in the Appendix.*

Elder Jones found the Church in Salem in a very low and distracted condition, and they had been so for a long time. They had discovered that the elements of which the church was composed could never harmonize, and they consequently separated. The majority, and those who were desirous to have a regular ministry, seceded and left the small and discontented minority in quiet possession of the old house, and erected a new one on Essex street, and not far from the old one, which although small, was large enough for their wants, and both comfortable and convenient. But not all the seceders joined the new communion. There were but four males and twelve females who entered into

*See Appendix, Note D.

covenant as the new church. Others afterwards fell in from time to time ; some went away to other places of worship, and some fell away from other causes. The secession occurred sometime in the summer of 1821, and on the second day of November of the same year, at the house of brother John Masury,—who to the last was a firm friend of order and union,—after solemn prayer and consultation the new church was constituted and all the members signed a formula of faith : not to bind their consciences and limit their investigations, but to strengthen their minds and hearts, and as merely a spontaneous utterance of their views of divine truth. As a kind of preamble to this covenant, they give their reasons for withdrawing from the old church. They are threefold ; thus : 1. Because of contentions which there was no prospect of becoming reconciled. 2. Because of differences of opinion on the subject of the Ordinances. 3. Because of radical difference of opinions on the doctrines of Christ and the Apostles.

Whatever may be thought of the last, surely the other two reasons were sufficient to provoke a withdrawal, and exonerate the seceders from all blame in the premises.

It was in the spring following, as I have al-

ready said, that Elder Jones moved with his family into Salem. The church was then united and happy, but small and poor. The prospect of being able to support the outward institutions of religion were indeed small. But with a zeal and generosity becoming better circumstances, they finished their house and undertook the support of their pastor and family. And they were blest in their undertaking. Their new house was soon filled and found to be too contracted for their necessities.

I find by the Society's records,—to which I was allowed free access by the politeness of brother Masury, the clerk of the parish—that a meeting of the members of the society was held as early as December, in 1824, "to see if any thing could be done toward erecting a larger and more convenient meeting-house." The subject was agitated from time to time after this until the summer of 1827, when it was *determined* to build a new house. Accordingly a lot of land was secured in Herbert street, and a commodious house erected thereon, which was consecrated by religious services on the first day of May, 1828. The sermon was preached by Elder Morgridge of New Bedford, it not being customary in that denomination, I believe, for pastors to preach the sermon on such occasions.

This house, I may as well here say, owed its erection entirely to the zeal of Elder Jones. The society was altogether too small and poor to make the attempt. Nevertheless the accomplishment of this purpose was very desirable for many considerations. The old house was not only too small but badly situated, and it was prudently thought that a larger and handsomer house, and one more centrally situated, would be likely to increase the numerical and pecuniary strength of the society.

In this state of things Elder Jones not only subscribed very liberally himself—much beyond his means—but begged considerable sums of the citizens of Salem belonging to other parishes, and on whom he called in person for this purpose.

Besides this, much of the care of building——especially the planning, and devising ways and means—fell to his lot. And all this he cheerfully and voluntarily undertook, seeking no other reward than the satisfaction derived from the reflection that the work was done, at last, and well done.

This was an occasion for the "fit poetic," and he was accordingly seized with a "metred spasm." I refer the reader to the Appendix.

Elder Jones had a strong affection for all his

family, and although he was much away from them ever manifested the strongest attachment. And never was there a mother more entirely devoted to her children, than the godly companion of his early choice.

Hitherto the family circle had not been invaded by death, except in the removal of one who only opened his eyes on the fair scenes of life to close them again forever. But the hour of final separation must come, and sooner or later the "grim visaged conqueror" will call to draft some one from the home circle. Alas, how often does he select the fairest and the one that could be least spared.

"Death loves a shining mark. His joy supreme
To aid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers' build their children's tombs."

On the 12th of April, 1823, Mary, the youngest child, then nearly fifteen years of age, and the only one at home—the writer of this memoir was with his sisters in Hopkinton attending school — was seized with a malignant typhus fever, which carried her off in fourteen days. During most of this time she was ravingly delirious, and died at last without having opportunity to take leave of her heart-broken parents, or to receive their parting blessing, ere

she started on her returnless journey to that far land

"Where they who reach there weep no more."

The effect produced on his mind by this death, time could not remove. He sustained a shock from which he never recovered. Strong and enduring before, and bearing up under all his disappointments without any external manifestations of grief, he now became almost a woman in his nature and the courses of his tears were never long stayed. But if it produced any change in his religious character, it was for the better. It served to quicken his devotion, and seemed to break one of the strongest links that bound him to earth. It quickened and strengthened his unceasing regard for his other children, and the present grief seemed to give way altogether to the desire that this providence should be blessed to their spiritual good.

I take the following extracts from a letter written to his absent children, while the corpse of his darling lay before him, scarcely calm from the last spasm of a dreadful death.

SALEM, April 23, 1823.

"*My Dear Children*—I take pen in hand to inform you of the bitter cup which we, your parents, have just drank. Mary is no more than a lifeless corpse before us. This morning at

about 6 o'clock she breathed her last. I hope the Lord has given you some warning to prepare your minds for this most distressing event."

After describing her case and its progress up to the closing scene he goes on :—

"My dear children ; What shall I say to you ? I must say, in the language of divine inspiration, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man shall come.' L—," the eldest daughter,—"thou art my first born. I have long since (when thou knewest it not) devoted you to the Lord by prayer and supplication, and entreated for the salvation of your soul. The Lord I hope has heard and answered prayer for both you and your husband. I say arise and trim your lamps and see whether you have oil in your vessels, and you are ready to meet your Lord at his coming.

"H—," the second daughter—"You have another call from God. Can you not say in the words of your sister, that here lies in her last dress, as it respects your exercises during the time of the reformation, 'I did not seek aright, and so I have not found ?' If you have forgotten the calls of God, remember that they will never be blotted out of His eternal book of remembrance ; but when the books are opened and another book which is the book of life, there they will stand against you unless you observe them. O, my daughter, be wise while you enjoy health and reason."

"My son"—the husband of the latter—"you are to see Mary no more until you meet

her in the eternal world. Are you ready, my son, to lay aside all worldly honor and prospects, if God should call for them. Your wife and little C. are not yours. Should death enter your windows as it has entered mine, which of you are ready to depart? May God sanctify it to your everlasting good.

"And now, my only son—your father and mother feel the deepest anxiety for you on this distressing occasion. Your mother says, 'I wish A. was here to take one look.' You can hardly imagine how she has entirely altered in her countenance.

"We have now for a long time been in deep trouble, and you have not known it. We have been weeping over Mary and thinking and praying for you, while probably you may have been crying peace and safety when sudden destruction was near. O, my son, how will you meet these dreadful tidings. Is Mary gone? Must I see her no more until I meet her in the eternal world? O, A., you have had many calls and you as often have refused. O, hearken unto *this*, lest the Lord should say, A. 'is joined to his idols, let him alone.'

"My dear grand daughter E.—Aunt Mary is dead. You never can see Aunt Mary any more. *You* have been sick and got well, Aunt Mary has been sick and *is dead*. O, E., you must die too, and you must be born again or you cannot go to heaven. If you do not know what grand-papa means by being born again, you must ask your mother to tell you. May little E.'s soul be converted to God.

Our dear, dear children, we have in the midst of trouble remembered you and most ardently wished to see you. Perhaps you will say, why has not father written before? We thought it not necessary to give *you* all that painful anxiety of which *we* were the partakers, as especially it would by no means help us. I thought best to write nothing until I could write decisively. On Friday the funeral is to take place, but you will not be here to mingle your tears with ours. But after ours are a little dried up yours must begin to flow. As I expect to be at Hopkinton next week we will, if the Lord will, mourn together.

Affectionately, your father,

ABNER JONES."

Shortly after this event, the family of the eldest daughter removed to Salem, and was followed in a year or two by that of the second. The writer of these memoirs, also, came back to the paternal abode, and the family of Elder Jones was once more together.

There is but little more of interest to the general reader that I find during the stay of Elder Jones in Salem. There was no unusual religious excitement in his flock, although there was a very extensive revival of religion among the Orthodox Congregational and Baptist societies. There was, however, a gradual accession to the church, and one hundred were added during his pastoral care of it.

The manuscripts left by Elder Jones, throw no light upon the time of his second sojourn in Salem. I find merely nothing but abstract dates of journeys and preaching. I have, however, a letter of his, written to the members of the parish, and read to them at one of their weekly meetings, at which he was not able to be present, by reason of a severe attack of influenza. I recollect the time with painful distinctness. That epidemic prevailed to an unusual and alarming extent. It was judged that two-thirds of the entire population were afflicted with it at the same time, and scarcely an inhabitant escaped. Nor was Salem singular in this respect. The epidemic spread throughout New England, and will be well remembered by many who peruse this page. Elder Jones, and wife, and son —then the only members of his household— were all sick at once, and unable to render assistance to each other for several days. It was during convalescence that the letter was written.

"*Beloved Friends*—My usual mode of communication has hitherto been by my voice. But at this time I am deprived of that blessing on account of an unusual hoarseness which has seized my lungs, so that I am deprived almost entirely of common conversation, much more of speaking in public. I will therefore try to communicate something to you in writing.

By this visitation I am reminded of that day when my tongue shall be locked up in silence and never more be allowed to speak to my fellow-men, and when the ears of all those who so often hear my voice will be deaf to all earthly sounds. Let him that hath his voice use it in the several christian duties enjoined ; and let him that hath an ear so hear that his soul may live.

I desire to thank God that although deprived of speaking yet I am not of writing, and in this I feel it my duty to do good. The great end of both speaking and writing ought to be to do good ; ' Jesus Christ went about doing good.'

While I am using my pen my heart is lifted up to heaven for divine direction how I shall address you in this way, in the same manner as it would be if I stood before you how I should speak. Also, that God would render it a blessing to his dear children, and that while sinners hear this short discourse read, the law of God may be written in their hearts ; for thus saith the Lord, ' I will write my law in their hearts.' Our blessed Lord says, ' work while the day lasts, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.'

Our day of grace and day of life is short. Sacred truth compares it to a span, to a vapor that swiftly passeth away. What, then ; is time both swift and short ? Yes, verily ? But cannot we cause time to linger ? and can we not divert time from his rapid motion ? No, no. Time flies on the wings of the wind. The wind will not hearken, time will not give ear ; ever steady to his purpose he is deaf ; yea, deaf

to both kings and beggars. Time hears no voice but the voice of Him who has armed him with the scythe of mortality, and who has given command saying, 'Sweep over the hills and dales. Sweep over palaces and cottages, mow down potentates and peasants.' Time with his sharp scythe obeys. He loses not his harvest. In the sterile plains of Arabia he cuts his scattering spears, and the wandering Arab cannot elude his chase. The burning sands of Africa, scorched with the vernal rays of the sun, will not make him faint. His wide swath is neatly turned among the sable race. Egypt's fields, though they have no rain, yield him a heavy burden. Old Asia's fields have by him been mowed in every generation. Europe has fallen under his terrible stroke. The Alpine mountains, her fertile vallies, and her splendid cities, have always paid their deathly tribute at the first call. And where is our own America? She shares in the general fate. Her native hardy sons were an easy prey, her civilized inhabitants are swept down without distinction. The earth has yielded many a harvest, and those who now live are swiftly ripening, and most assuredly shall not be spared. 'All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass.'

Beloved friends, our day is short our work is great. The gloomy night of death is approaching in which we must enter into eternity. O, be exhorted to prepare to meet thy God, O Israel. The hour of meeting has nearly arrived and I must close. May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

Sept. 5, 1824.

For a number of years Elder Jones had cherished a desire to travel extensively and visit and preach to all the churches in the Eastern and Middle States, together with those in Ohio and Kentucky. He believed he was called of God to do this, and doubted not but the door would be open in due time. He had now brought the people whom, in 1821, he had found so poor and feeble into a prosperous condition. They were united and happy, prosperous and increasing. Their new house, as we have seen was completed, dedicated and well filled. He felt that he might safely leave them for a season in other hands, and he determined to take the present opportunity to fulfil the cherished purpose of his heart. Accordingly in the mid-summer of 1829, he asked and obtained leave of absence for as long time as he might desire, and a warm recommendation of the church to the brethren among whom his lot might be cast. He broke up housekeeping, and taking his wife with him, which constituted his whole household—his children all having been settled in life—he bade adieu to his Salem brethren, little thinking, as the event proved, that he had forever ended his labors in their midst, and as little thinking—as the event also proved—that he should not put into execution the purpose so long cherished in

his soul. But, "it is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps," or he had never set out upon that chequered journey.

Bending his steps leisurely along, preaching by the way and visiting old and dear friends, we find him on the last days of July, revelling in the excitement and luxuriating in the waters of Saratoga, and Ballston. He tarried here and in the neighborhood a fortnight; and then bidding adieu to the place, where he seems to have enjoyed himself exceedingly, he journeyed to Maysfield, where on the 13th of August, he was seized with a rheumatic-billious fever, which brought him to the very verge of the grave, and confined him to the house for upwards of three months.

This was the severest sickness he ever suffered, and served admirably to test his Christian fortitude and religious confidence. Here, by a visitation of that same hand which he believed had led him to take the journey, he was suddenly and unexpectedly arrested in his course, and almost at the outset. Aside from all his suffering, which was excrutiating, much of the time, his plans seemed to be frustrated and his hopes dashed to the ground.

He happened to be among kind friends, who took the tenderest care of him through his long

and painful illness. They were, however, devotedly attached to the "Thompsonian system" of medicine and earnestly entreated him to "try the experiment." Believing himself that the baths and pungent prescriptions might relieve his acute pains, he consented, and went through a course of treatment prescribed by his Thompsonian doctor.

"My rheumatic pains," he says, "were by these terrible means rendered less acute, but my strength was greatly reduced and my fever fearfully augmented. I therefore told my kind steam friends, the next day, that I must desist—I dare not, in the fear of God go farther, as I regarded my own life. I therefore insisted on having my old, excellent physician, whom I had called at first, and at their solicitation dismissed. And accordingly he was sent for and attended me faithfully until I recovered."

I said that this sickness lasted more than three months. In that time he had a short convalescence and went out doors: which imprudence cost him a severe relapse, which confined him longer than the original attack. I have before me the record of his views and feelings, recorded by his own pen, on the 25th of September, six weeks after his first attack. It is expressive of a contented mind, wholly devoid

of anxiety or fear, and entirely submissive to the will of God. I shall here give the "substitute for his regular journal for Sept. 1829."

"*Maysfield, Montgomery Co. N. Y.*
September, 1829.

"This month began on Tuesday, I shall not mark the days of the month as usual, because when it commenced, I was confined to a sick bed, and had been for seventeen days, as will appear by my Journal for August. For six weeks I never had my clothes on, and the first time is on the 25th day of this month, on which I am now with a trembling hand, writing this account.

"I was first taken with violent reheumatism, which threw me into an inflammatory billious fever. I am at the house of Judge Gillbert and were I at my own father's house I could not have been treated with more kindness, for which I trust I shall ever be thankful to God, and grateful to him and his excellent family. I was distressingly sick, but among the kindest of friends, although entire strangers in the flesh; as I never saw one of them until the day before I was taken sick, when I came into this place to preach, and by this family was hospitably received. I also had my companion with me to nurse and take the best possible care of me,

sparing no pains by day or by night; and God gave her strength equal to her day. I have in the midst of pain, had great consolation of mind; and if I know my own feelings, I never felt one murmuring emotion. I never had one desire to be at home while I was sick. I was brought very low, and I seemed to myself to have entered into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and viewed myself as prostrate on the very brink of the river, and her swelling waves rolled swiftly by my side, yet touched me not. I was not at all terrified or dismayed, but gave myself to Him in whose hand are the issues of life and death. O, what views of the state of sinners in this place were opened to my mind; which led me to lift up prayer to God for them. I prayed earnestly to God to show me if he was about to take me out of the world that it might not come upon me unawares. Also, that I might give my wife timely warning of my departure, and that I might also give her my last dying counsel. Also, that I might leave something in writing for my dear children, as my last dying counsel. And likewise that I might leave my last pledge of love and dying connsel to the dear Christian Church in Salem, of which I was then pastor. In my very low estate I felt the deepest concern for that Church and Society. I often

called to mind many of its members, and prayed for them individually, and then prayed for all whom I had not thought of individually. I often felt much drawn out in prayer for him who was to preach unto them the word of life, who ever he might be. I often lifted up my most fervent prayer for the singing choir, and do this moment cry and pray for them that they all may be saved."

Nearly four weeks after this, viz: on the 21st of October, I find the following record in his Journal for that month.

"As it respects my mind, I am calm, and I trust I can say, 'It is good to be afflicted.' I cannot say that I am sorry I have been sick, although to outward appearances, it is altogether against me; yet do I firmly believe that it is all for my good. Circumstances look very dark. My expenes have swept away all my money with which I calculated to replenish my winter wardrobe. The travelling season is getting unpleasant, and there is no prospect of our travelling at all for some weeks to come.

"Had the pleasure of having Elder King call and see me. Although deprived of meeting, yet I have consolation at home. I feel a longing desire to be able to travel and preach Christ; yet if not deceived, I can say, 'not my will, but

thine be done.' It is not my great concern whether I live or die. As to dying I never expect to be any more prepared than I am now, otherwise than this, when I shall be called to depart, that the Lord will give me all that additional grace, which is needful on that trying event. O Lord give me grace to endure chastisement, and not faint, nor murmur."

The close of the month found him still low and weak, and his case rather a critical one. He did not, however, despond, and firmly believed he should get well again, while his physician and wife and friends entertained very slight hopes. At the end of the month he thus writes.

"Thus in sickness I close up October. It is now the twelfth week of sickness, and I have not been able to go out for more than a fortnight. I still have good courage and spirits, and hope as soon as the calomel shall have done its office, that I shall begin to recruit; yet I remember the many disappointed hopes through which I have passed, and if my present expectations are to be disappointed, I hope and pray that God will enable me to endure it patiently, as he has heretofore enabled me to do. I do not know but that God has appointed me unto death in this sickness, yet it never has appeared so to me

If this is to be my lot I ask my heavenly father that I may be apprised of the same; for I would not put implicit confidence in my own feelings."

The first day of November was the Sabbath. He writes :—" I am more comfortable to-day, but am deprived of going to meeting. But the Lord has done it, therefore I desire to be still and learn to prize the privilege as I ought. Should my life be spared, I sometimes fear that by my protracted sickness I shall grow impatient, and so sin by repining at my lot. I do therefore look up to the Lord and ask that he will cut short these days of darkness and pain. But if it be his will to prolong my indisposition, fervently do I pray for grace and patience to endure the same as his child. Still, in the midst of affliction, I enjoy innumerable blessings, wherefore should I complain ?"

On the next Sabbath he had hoped to go to the house of the Lord with his brethren, and hear the word of life dispensed. Rough weather, however, prevented, and he was sorely disappointed. He expresses his regrets, and adds, " it is well, let me be reconciled." From this time he rapidly improved in his health, and on the ensuing Sabbath, by being bolstered up in a chair, was able to preach once. He chose

for his text a clause of the twelfth verse of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. "By these, my son, be admonished."

As soon as he became able to ride, he resumed his travels; but as the cold season had far advanced he deferred going farther than New York, until the roads should become settled in the spring. In passing through Duchess County, he made some tarry in Milan, preaching to the Christian Society in that place, which had not long before been left in a destitute situation by the death of its former pastor, Elder John L. Peavy. He had been solicited to tarry in several places in that county, but he had nowhere felt that a field was offered for his permanent labors. But the destitute condition of the church in Milan touched his heart, and he felt strongly disposed to tarry with them. During all this time he had never thought but that he should resume his charge in Salem. But he had now been absent nearly a year, and thought that another minister was profitably occupying the post he had left, and he felt that, if necessary, he could leave them in safe hands. Still his heart yearned towards them, and it would require a great struggle to give them up.

At this time he received from the church in Milan an unanimous invitation to become their

pastor. In this invitation they speak of their recent bereavement, and the great unanimity with which the call was extended, and conclude by a most earnest entreaty that he would accept it. Speaking of this call and the struggle it produced in his mind he thus writes, in April, some weeks after he had received it.

"*Unionvale, Duchess Co., N. York,*
Sunday, April 11th, 1830.

"This day is very stormy and I have no meeting, I will therefore strive to spend my time to some profit in some other way. During my stay in this county I have often been by individuals solicited to tarry in this section of the country; especially in Milan, where the Church and Society are left destitute of a stated pastor by the removal of Elder John L. Peavy, by death, and from whom I received an unanimous call to come and settle with them as their pastor. Although this was no more than I had for some time expected, and had constantly endeavored to ponder the path of my feet and make it a matter of constant prayer to God, yet I was entirely unprepared to give any decisive answer, as I had still the pastoral charge of the Christian Church in Salem, Massachusetts.

"This subject rests with great weight on my mind. I endeavor to make my petition to God

alone for direction. If I leave Salem, one of the most pleasant seaports in the Union, I must sacrifice many bodily comforts. I have there a most happy acquaintance of more than twenty years' standing. I do not know of any unpleasant difficulties between any individuals, in Church, or Society, either concerning myself or family. I must leave a large, beautiful meeting-house, built after my own plan, and the most commodious house I have ever seen. I must part with a singing Choir taught by myself. I must part with my pleasant children. And all these are equally dear to my wife as to myself, and to her it seems almost like quitting a palace for a tomb. If I go to Milan, the land is rough, buildings poor, country thinly inhabited, with nothing like a village in the place. The place of worship is a small, rough meeting-house, the singing wretched indeed. But the inhabitants are wealthy, respectable, and a good set of brethren as can be found any where.

"Under all these circumstances, as yet I know not what I shall do. If I should act on my own choice, I should not hesitate to return back to Salem, in preference to staying here, but I dare not mark out my own path, knowing that 'it is man that walketh to direct his steps, for a man's steps are ordered by the Lord.' I think

I can say I have given the matter entirely into the hand of the Lord. My only prayer is to be directed aright, and so I am enabled to pray, saying, 'Teach me the right way, and guide me in it.' I feel in my very heart to obey that direction given in Proverbs, 'Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; acknowledge him in all thy ways and he shall direct thy paths.' And now, O Lord, thou who didst direct the children of Israel in a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, do thou direct this thine unworthy servant in the way which thou wouldst have him go, and let not his footsteps err from the path of obedience and peace."

Elder Jones alludes to his wife. It was indeed a severe trial to her. She did all she could to prevent his accepting the invitation, and I am certain the struggle cost her even more than it did to be reconciled to his preaching at first. It tore her away from her children and all her pleasant acquaintances, and she mourned exceedingly. I have a letter of her's written to her children after she had become fairly established in their new home, an extract of which will serve to give an insight to the state of her feelings, which I doubt not operated in no small degree to bring on that premature decay which speedily followed.

"As to being reconciled to my lot, it does not seem to me that I ever can. Yet I strive to be, hard work as it is. O Lord, help me to be submissive to thy holy will! Pray for me, my dear children, that I may not be unreconciled to the great change that I have undergone."

"Oh, how I long to see my dear children. As David said, I wet my couch with tears. I dream of them in the night season, and think of them over and over again every weary hour of the day. O, will the time ever come when I shall behold them face to face? May the good Lord bring it about before I die, and help me to bow to his will which seperates me from them and all that is dear to life."

As might have been foreseen, Elder Jones gave an affirmative answer to the call of the Milan church, after having obtained honorable release from the church and society in Salem. He removed his family thither early in the ensuing summer, 1830. He tarried here nearly three years, devoting himself to the people of his charge. I do not find anything particularly worthy of notice during this period. He travelled extensively as usual but I am entirely destitute of any records which show his movements, or exhibit the state of his mind, or relate anything of his ministry.

In the spring of 1833, he made arrangements to visit his old friends in the East, particularly

his children and old flock in Salem. With the commencement of this journey his journal is resumed, of which I shall avail myself in filling up these pages, believing that his old friends would prefer to read his own account, as far as possible. On this ground have I acted whenever it was at all practicable, although from the large and repeated breaks in his journal, I have been compelled to draw largely on my memory and other such sources as offered themselves.

"*Last day of May*, 1833.—Left Milan, Duchess Co. N. York. Attended the New York Eastern Christian Conference, and General Meeting. Had a very interesting time. After this meeting I travelled in company with my wife into Connecticut as far as Lebanon, and visited the neighboring towns and preached unto them the word of life; generally with good freedom. In this region the tone of vital piety appeared very low. O that the Lord by the outpouring of his spirit would visit his weary heritage."

"After spending three sabbaths in this section of country, took departure for Salem, Massachusetts; visited some relatives by the way, and arrived at Salem seasonably to preach the last Lord's day in June. We found our children and their families well. Our old friends and

brethren cheered us with a most cordial and hearty welcome.

"Arrived at Salem, June 29, on Saturday, and tarried there and the region round about nine weeks. Visited Newburyport, Salisbury, Amesbury, Essex, Boston, and Lowell. In all the above mentioned places I preached the word of life, with nothing more than common freedom. I have been called upon to attend about a dozen cases of cancer, all of which have done well.*

"In all places among my old friends, I have met with a cordial reception, with the addition of a most expressive wish that I might return to New England. All this had no effect on my mind, still adhering to my former resolution to return to Milan, until I received a pressing invitation to become the people's preacher in Assonet. This call I confess, deeply impressed my mind. It was the distressed state of the people which moved my compassion for them. Then I thought of the people of my charge in Milan, that not the least ruffle of difficulty had ever taken place, that they had given me a good living among them, and that they fully expected me to return, and continue to be their pastor, (although I was not bound by any obligation or

*See Appendix, Note E.

agreement to stay any longer than I thought it my duty.) I must own the thought of leaving was painful. When I turned my mind toward Assonet, almost everything looked stormy and unpromising. For months past but little had been done except quarrelling, until the church and society were completely cut in sunder, and filled with bitterness. These two parties I considered equally my friends, but one party had a minister, and the other none, and so seized fast hold of me to become their preacher. This brought a distressing trial on my mind. O that they would be one again.

The Massachusetts Christian Conference was holden at Freetown, Assonet village, Tuesday, August 20th, 1833. I preached the first sermon from Heb. xii. 14: 'Follow peace with all men.' The Lord gave me great freedom, and I do believe it made a good impression on the minds of the people. The Conference in general was good, except that in one or two instances the members assumed the attitude of an Ecclesiastical Court, against which I protested. The general meeting was good. After the Conference adjourned, a society was formed, called The Christian Benevolent Society; the object of which was to aid destitute churches, &c. by sending preachers to assist them. Most of the preachers united and subscribed for its support.

"The call from the people in this place so impressed my mind that I found it impossible for me to get rid of it. The time had now nearly arrived in which I had hitherto concluded to leave Massachusetts and set my face homeward.

"Previous to this time I had determined to return to Milan through Vermont, and spend some weeks in that state. But after due deliberation, I consented to tarry and preach in Assonet a few weeks instead of going to Vermont, and if I did not find it duty to make a longer stay, then to return to Milan. Sunday, September 8th, 1833, was the day appointed for me to begin to preach in the new house.

"The day was rainy, the congregation small, say about 30 in the morning. The other company with Elder Coe, met in the old house, not more than 30 feet distant, so that the sound of our worship and preaching could be distinctly heard, from one to the other. How shameful. My mind was extremely depressed. Love and union my soul delights in ; division and strife I hate. Depressed as my spirits were, I could not feel that I was doing wrong. I did not feel the least party spirit, nor the least unkindness to either company, nor the least prejudice against Elder Coe or any individual. I never felt more lamblike in all my life ; my pray-

er was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do? Guide me by unerring wisdom.' I think I felt ready to give myself without reserve to the Lord and say, 'not my will but thine be done.' In the afternoon the congregation increased to about 70. I had as good a time in preaching as could have been expected under such trying circumstances. At the close I thought it duty to appoint a meeting for the Sabbath following. My mind, however, was no more relieved from trials about finally staying with the people, than before. Still crying constantly for direction.

"The following week I attended the Christian Conference at Boston. My mind, however, was occupied and borne down about matters at Assonet. It was one of the most solemn weeks I ever passed. When I thought of engaging to preach with the people of Assonet, the work looked so exceedingly arduous, I confess I shrunk from the painful task, and was ready to say 'I never can endure it;' yet I could get no release. Saturday following I returned to the place, with my wife, in the same state of mind.

"*Sunday*, *Sept.* 15, 1833.—The day was serene and clear; the congregation had increased to about 170. I was blessed with great freedom, it was a glorious meeting, saints were made joyful in their God, and the congregation was as

solemn as eternity. We had a conference in the evening. It was very blessed to me. Many spoke in the power of the spirit, and declared that God had greatly revived their minds, and that they determined to leave all things behind and press forward. This day of good things revived my drooping spirits and gave me some more courage to think of staying with the people. But on Monday I began again to look on the boisterous waves, and sunk down as low as ever, and was constrained to cry out in deep distress, 'Save, Lord, I perish.' Tuesday evening had a meeting in Middleborough, in the neighborhood called Beechwoods. I went greatly cast down, but had a glorious meeting and felt completely relieved. I soon, however, sunk down in deep waters, much as before.

"*Saturday, September 29th*, 1833.—Attended Monthly church meeting, had a soul-reviving season. Two came forward and told what the Lord had done for their souls, and offered themselves for baptism. They were joyfully received to be baptized the next day. Towards the close of this meeting the church was called on to see if they would, in agreement with the society, call me to be their pastor. The vote was in the affirmative, both male and female, without one dissenting voice. I did feel it my

duty to give an affirmative answer, without a doubt. I now determined to enter on my ministerial labors in the best manner I could, though with much fear and trembling. Lord, help me.

"*Sunday, Sept.* 30, 1833.—I gave a public answer to the people, that I would hearken to their call and become their preacher. We had a good meeting and a blessed time at the water in baptizing. The Lord's name be praised.

"Until this time I do not know as I had an eneemy in Assonet, but the other party, as is natural, felt much hurt because I would (as they termed it) preach to their enemies. I took my course as straight forward as possible, neither preaching in public, nor conversing in private, about former difficulties ; but 'spoke of things which make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another.' Both societies now had a preacher, and continued to hold separate meetings in the two houses above named. But as the old house was a crazy old thing, the cold weather soon constrained the other society to leave it, and betake themselves to the town house. Elder Coe continued with them until January and then left them, his term of engagement having expired. They then engaged Elder James Taylor, their former preacher, for

one year, and when he had preached out his year, they broke up and dispersed.

"I found the church after the division to consist of about seventy members, well united, but very low in their minds. But soon numbers were revived. The deadly effects of a religious quarrel, however, was severely felt. During the first year things continued much in the same train; no contention in Church or society had occurred. I was unanimously invited to continue with them the ensuing year, but I declined engaging for any particular term of time. I however told them I ould give them three months' notice before I left them, and that if they wished for another preacher they should give me the same notice."

It was in September, 1833, as we have seen, that Elder Jones, took up his abode with the people of Assonet. I have remarked before, that the severe trial of parting with her children and friends, had greatly affected the health of his wife. This was d ul t ss in reased by the extreme care she took of him during his long confinement in New York. efore she left Milan, she suffered several slight shocks of paralysis. These, as might have been expected, increased upon her, gradually becoming more severe until in December, 1836, she shook off

the earthly vestment, and entered upon her rest. The blow was felt by Elder Jones to be a severe one indeed. In his own words, "never have I met with anything that has so bowed me to the earth, and crushed my soul in wo." She had been his companion, and the sharer of all his changes; and no woman ever filled with more fidelity her peculiar and trying relations. Possessed of a remarkably strong and vigorous mind, a warm and generous piety, she was indeed a helpmate and counseller to him at all times and in all places, and he mourned her loss as altogether irreparable. For the last two years of her life, she was a burden to herself, and took no interest in the welfare of her best friends, and for months before her decease, she became helpless and senseless as an infant a day old. The year before her death, he took her on a journey to see her children and her old friends, in hopes that it might serve to arouse her from her lethargy. But it produced no effect upon her. This journey was indeed a melancholy one to Elder Jones, and he speaks of it in his journal as follows.

"After starting on our way, my wife seemed to brighten up, and commenced a conversation, which, in her state of mind was very uncommon. She stated her impressions that she was taking

her last tour with me, and was about paying her last visit to her children, and other friends. She then proceeded to give directions how she would have her wardrobe, etc., disposed of. This, I believe, was the last subject she ever introduced to me, more than to ask some necessary question. I often on our way introduced subjects of conversation, on which, in times past, her active mind delighted to dwell; but I could excite no interest in her. She was almost lost to all that was past, and as to future expectations, it was much the same. Many thousands of miles had we journeyed delightfully together, cheered by each other's company and conversation, but now it was quite otherwise, we rode slowly, and silently, on our solitary way. To me it was a melancholy occasion, mingled with a mournful pleasure. I endeavored to render to my enfeebled wife all the consolation in my power. In this tour we travelled about two hundred and seventy miles, had good seasons in preaching and returned home about the last of June. My poor wife was so far lost in her mind, as not to know her own home."

She was just sixtyseven years of age, and died on her birthday, which he notices and adds, "her faults were few, her virtues many."

I find the following verses written just after her interment.

"Deep in the core of my poor breaking heart
Hath Death the king of terrors, sent his dart,
Ruthless hath tore from me my better part,
Inflicting wounds of anguish, pain and smart.

But Christ, the conquering king, shall death destroy—
Turn all our sorrows, pains and tears, to joy;
Nor wave of trouble ever more annoy,
While deathless glories our blest souls employ.

On wings of faith I soar to worlds of light,
Where day eternal ever rules the night;
There, resting from our labors, with delight
We 'll greet with songs the holy throngs in white.

The body planted in her mother earth,
Till Christ shall give it resurrection birth,
In glorious form shall rise and upward fly
To meet the spirit long before on high.

There in the heights of Zion's holy ground,
Increasing praise forever shall abound,
While all the singing millions join the sound,
To swell the heavenly chorus round.

For this angelic Choir a while I wait;
My soul is peaceful, and my path is straight;
Untiring strive until I reach the gate,
To meet with heavenly joy my long lost mate."

Shortly after committing the remains of his beloved companion to the earth, he took a journey into Vermont, and frequently and feelingly alludes to his deep sense of the loss, which

every familiar object by the way seemed to declare. At last he returned to Assonet, "but, alas," he adds, "not to my *home*. My dear companion who used to greet me with smiles, is not here; my children are all far away, and no familiar face gladdens my board. And as I sit in my solitary library I feel that I am indeed alone. But the past lives still, and

> "'T is with a mournful pleasure now
> I think on other days."

"But I repine not at my lonely lot, I find it good to be afflicted, *it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness*. If I except the troubles which have been brought upon me, by my sinning against a holy God, I can rejoice to day and thank God for every affliction which I have experienced in life. Yea, I thank my God with all my heart that it has been his pleasure to correct me for my sins; I kiss the *rod* and *Him* who hath appointed it. Nor have I one single desire to be delivered from afflictions; no, *I glory in tribulation*. In the language of the late learned Dr Adam Clarke, I can say, "I am not tired of the world." I have nothing now to bind me to earth but the reigning desire to *do good*. Earthly things never to me looked more fleeting and vain, yet I know they are good, and absolutely necessary while here. I thank God for

food and raiment, and am content therewith. I thank God that I am not anxiously perplexed about what I shall *eat* or what I shall *drink*, or wherewithal I shall *be clothed*. To my great astonishment and gratitude, God has hitherto supplied my temporal wants since I was a preacher; (for when I commenced preaching *I left all*) nor can I say that I have lacked any good thing.

'And can he have taught to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?'

"'Give me food to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I return to my father's house in peace.' This is all my desire. and all my prayer as it respects perishable things.

"Young preachers, should these lines meet your eyes, let them stimulate you to *preach Christ at the loss of all things*. Do your duty, trust in God, and all will come right. *No one ever put his trust in God and was confounded.*"

In the autumn of 1837, he decided to leave Assonet, still having his mind bent on making the tour in which he was defeated six years before. Indeed he cherished this purpose up to the time of his death, and had made his arrangements to fulfil the wishes of his heart, in respect to it, during the summer succeeding the time of his decease. He gave notice accord-

ingly to the people in Assonet that he should leave them in the Spring following, which purpose he carried into execution.

He supplied the pulpit in his old parish in Portsmouth, N. H. three months in the ensuing spring, and then at the earnest solicitation of the destitute and very small society in Upton, Mass. he repaired thither and made it his home for two years. He would not consider himself as a settled pastor, but told them he would tarry among them as long as he considered it his duty and should feel at liberty to leave them whenever he chose. During his tarry in Upton he journeyed considerably, and among other travels visited all the places where he had had charge of a parish.

On the first day of August, 1839, he was married to Mrs. Nancy F. Clark, of Nantucket. The ceremony took place at the house of the writer of these memoirs, in Brighton, who officiated on the occasion. In company with his new wife he visited Nantasket—now Hull,—where he met several of his old friends from Boston, and other places, and who had often accompanied him thither on his preaching tours thirty years before. Here he spent a delightful season, and then returned to Upton. He tarried here until April, 1840, when he removed his family to Exeter, N. H.

For a number of years Elder Jones had resolved, as soon as he could see his way clear to do so, to retire altogether from the responsible cares of a parish; still intending to preach whenever and wherever opportunity should present. To this end he sought out a place of retreat, where he could calmly and quietly spend the remainder of his days. He had saved a trifle from the wreck of his living—a trifle accumulated by his medical treatment of cancers,—which he invested in a snug little cottage in the pleasant little village of Exeter. He refitted it and furnished it, expecting to enjoy it for many years, when he was visited with the disease which carried him away from all earthly habitations.

In the autumn of 1840, he accompanied his wife on a visit to her relatives in the sea-girt isle of Nantucket, where he spent several weeks, as happily, as he then said, as any of his whole life. On his return he paid the writer of these pages his last visit. This was in October. He then appeared in perfect health. He spoke of his visit with enthusiasm, said he did not feel older than when he married his first wife, and did not see why he was not likely to live twenty years. Indeed I never knew him more cheerful, and his countenance was the very in-

dex of health, indicating the age of *fifty*, more than that of *seventy*. He left me with the assurance that he should call on me on his great journey to the south and west, which he should commence as early in the spring as the travelling would permit.

He wrote me in February that his health was failing him, and, as I thought, in rather a desponding tone. During April I received his last note—brief and in a trembling hand, in which he informed me that he had given up all hope of ever being better, and expressing a strong desire to see his children.

When I first saw him in April I was struck with the great change which disease had wrought in him. The strong man was bowed down, and the brow that only a few months before had betokened middle age, now seemed to speak more than truth. He met me calmly, although it evidently cost him a severe struggle. He spoke with the utmost cheerfulness of his condition. He had arranged his affairs with the world, and he had no anxiety about the future. It was a privilege to sit at the bed-side, and witness the blessed effects of a faithful life. I asked him if his faith now faltered? "No, my son," he replied, "you know I have never been given to extraordinary excitements. I am calm

and tranquil, ready to depart when it is God's time ; willing to continue in this state just as long as he shall see fit to keep me here."

I asked him how he viewed the future ? "I do not give myself any anxiety about that," he responded, "I believe it will be infinitely more glorious than I can conceive. But I can truly say, that if my portion in heaven is only what it has been for forty years on earth, with all its trials and cares—could these enter heaven—it is more than I deserve, and I could devoutly exclaim, 'Lord, it is enough.' I have tried to be faithful. I think I have ever acted conscientiously, and I have no guilty recollections. I have had more than my pay as I went along. All that is to come is blessed gratuity,—the free and glorious gift of grace. I have enjoyed as much as most men in life—now an angel's blessedness awaits me. All this glorious hope I have in my blessed Saviour,—praise to his holy name."

Up to this time he had been able to get about the house, but the day before I saw him he had taken his bed to die, as he said. He was however anxious to sit once more at table with me and his family, which he did, although it was evidently a great effort. He led the devotional services in a calm and devout manner, and retir-

ed from the table, saying, "I have eaten my last supper with you on earth, may our next be with Jesus in the kingdom of God."

Just before this he had called the church in Exeter to his bedside to partake with them for the last time the broken body of Christ. I was not present, but was told that it was a most solemn and impressive season.

When I left him he took an affectionate farewell, accompanied with words of counsel and advice, not expecting to see me again in time. Symptoms however made their appearance which deceived all but him into the hope that a crisis had been reached in his disease, and I endeavored to encourage in him this hope, without, however, the slightest effect.

Nearly up to this period he had been entirely free from pain, and his appetite had remained pretty good. Without any apparent cause and with no pain, he had gradually lost both his strength and flesh, until he was now little better than a mere skeleton. From this time to his death his sufferings increased upon him, until they became terrible indeed, up to the latest breath of life.

His christian fortitude and patience, however, never forsook him. He received all his old acquaintances, and bade them adieu with perfect

composure, having a word of counsel or encouragement for each.

On Saturday, May 29, 1841, about noon, he fell asleep in Jesus, ending a life of great usefulness and leaving the savor of a good name to his children and all the wide circle of his friends.

He used to say, 'I dare not plan for my life, for I am sure to have all my plans frustrated.' His last *plans* were an illustration of this remark. When he married Mrs. Clarke, he was full of his purposes of life, and promised himself a great deal of enjoyment in this life. But these purposes were all thwarted. In less than two years he was arrested and summoned to a higher sphere of action, leaving his lonely and bereaved companion alone, to bewail her loss, and to prepare herself to join him in that world where we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage.

On the Monday following, his funeral was attended by a numerous collection of his old friends and acquaintances, in the Chapel of the Christian Society. More than twenty clergymen, of different denominations, were present. The services were conducted with great propriety and solemnity. A sermon was delivered by Elder Elijah Shaw, of Lowell, which was exceedingly appropriate and solemn.

Elder Shaw had been selected by Elder Jones to preach at his funeral, and the speaker alluded to the long and friendly intercourse which had existed between them, in a most feeling and becoming manner. His words of consolation and counsel will long be gratefully remembered by the bereaved widow and children.

We bore him to his grave ; and we felt as we consigned his body to the dust, that we could exclaim in the beautiful words of Montgomery,

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
Death found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

The pains of death are past ;
Labor and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I HAVE thought proper in this place to throw together some incidents in the life of Elder Jones, which serve to illustrate some of the prominent points of his character. I could not well have interwoven them in the narrative which has gone before without having disturbed too much its thread. And I have thought that they would be more acceptable in this separate form to the generality of the readers of this little volume.

The first trait of character which I shall notice, and which every one who knew him, will instantly recognize, was his remarkable *conscientiousness*. I never knew a man whose whole life was a more emphatic expression of this moral sentiment. It not only guided his actions in the great and important events of his life, but it embraced the minutest and simplest purpose of his heart.

He always did what he did, not because it was customary, and convenient, but because he believed in his heart it was strictly just. He entered into no arrangements, large, or small, without first ask-

ing what was right and proper to be done in such circumstances. When he felt that he must preach —when he determined to marry—when he went here or there to preach—when he bargained for a horse—indeed, I think I may well say, no act of his life but is marked with this high deference to the sentiment of justice, which may be called the crowning one of his character. I will illustrate this by a few extracts from his journal, in connexion with some of the leading incidents in his life.

We have already seen how entirely he gave up himself to the dictates of duty, when he thought he was called to preach. How unhesitatingly he relinquished a lucrative profession ; how cheerfully he encountered poverty and reproach ; how unreservedly and solemnly he consecrated his whole soul and body for life to the glorious work. And how, ever afterwards, he cheerfully relinquished ease and independence, that he might go to some low and poor church, where there were few earthly inducements, that he might be in the way of doing the will of Him that sent him.

It was while his mind was exercised about preaching, and he was still in the practice of medicine, that he concluded to marry. But he could not for an instant think of suffering her to whom his hand was plighted to remain in ignorance of his impressions, and of the change in his outward circumstances, a change in his profession would bring about. Accordingly he determined to di-

vulge the whole to her, and then give her full liberty to withdraw the pledge she had given him. But I will let him speak for himself.

"When I really concluded to marry, I viewed the matter to be solemn, and concluded it was my duty to make known to my intended wife the situation I was in. I asked her if she thought she was acquainted with the man with whom she expected to unite for life? She said she thought she was. I told her she was under a mistake, and I proceeded to tell her that I was a deserter from my native country, and that I intended to return some time or another, and if she was not willing to go with me, I should leave her. That is, said I, I have made a profession of religion, and have revolted from it, and I hope I shall yet return. But I must tell you farther, I have been tried in my mind concerning preaching, and I expect that I must yet preach, although I am so involved in the world now. God has always visited me with judgments for my rebellion, and I expect God will still visit me with judgments until I return. I expect to be one of the poorest creatures of all God's creation. I expect after I have been married three or four years, and have three or four children around us in rags, crying for bread and milk, and not even that to give them—and I perhaps without one decent suit of clothes to my back, while my wife is at home in rags and want, shall be abroad preaching to those who are unable to give me either raiment or food.

This I think very probably will be my condition if I ever marry at all. Now if you cannot consent thus with your eyes open, to marry the beggar I have described to you, you must not marry me, and you are fully absolved from all obligation you may feel yourself under to become my wife."

Nothing terrified, however, by this appalling picture she joined her fortunes with his, and I believe never had occasion to regret the hour which linked them together in the bands of wedlock, although she was at times greatly perplexed and troubled about the future.

Time rolled on, and Elder Jones began to preach. As we have seen, it resulted in the neglect of his business, greatly to the annoyance of those families who had employed him, and mortification of his wife and friends.

"If I recollect right, I returned home from preaching soon after, having been absent from Sunday morning, until Tuesday. In this period of time I had had calls to go among the sick, and no small stir was made among the people about my turning preacher, as they termed it. When I returned home I found Mrs Jones in great tribulation about the loss I had met with, since I had been gone, and might have earned, if I had been at home. What was worse than all the rest, she said, was the mortification she had received, by people calling and saying 'where is the Doctor?' I told them you were gone to Danville. 'What, said they,

has he gone to doctor any body, or has he gone to preach? I told them I supposed you were gone to preach, and I supposed some body was sick too. 'Well,' said they, 'if he does not attend to his business better, we must have another doctor.' She said she was saluted four times in one night, with, 'hallo! where 's the doctor?' and she had to tell them, 'gone to Danville, gone to Danville.' My wife concluded it was as much my duty to stay at home, and attend to my business, as it was to go about preaching, earning nothing. Said she, 'you say yourself you will not be settled, and have a salary, but only receive just what the people are pleased to give you, and as for the cold hand of charity, that will never maintain any body. Once you wanted to have something in the world, as well as I, but now you care nothing about it, all you care for is to go about and preach. We shall soon come to nothing, and be as poor as poverty itself, and come to begging.' I told my wife that what she said concerning poverty, was quite likely to be true, for I expected nothing but to be poor, in this world. I asked her if she did not remember what I told her before we were married, about preaching and being poor? Her answer was, 'I do not know as I do.' I then said, do you not remember that I asked you before we were married, whether you were acquainted with the person, with whom you expected to unite for life? You answered, you thought you were; and I told you

you were not. And I here repeated what I had told her about preaching, poverty, and rags, before I had married her; also how I warned her not to marry me unless she was willing to encounter all this. I then asked her again, 'do you not remember I told you all this?' She then acknowledged she did. I then told her it was not so bad yet, for my family was not in want, and moreover, through the goodness of God, my wife was not in rags, and I had yet a decent suit of clothes to wear. I told my wife that I believed it was my duty to preach, and that if I had lost five thousand dollars, I should not begrudge it, I had seen so much of the goodness of God. I proceeded to say, 'We have enough to last us one year to live upon, and I am determined to spend my time in preaching, while that lasts. Then if no door opens for me to maintain my family, I will return to my former occupation, or any other lawful business.' And I can say, that at that time I felt willing to make a full surrender of all that I had, property and family, time and talents." *See page* 43.

Another remarkable trait in the character of Elder Jones was his perfect contentment with his lot. I think I never knew a man who so generally found cause for thankfulness in all, even the most trying events of his life. This was based on a remarkably just estimate of wealth. He used to say that what could not be used must be left un-

used, and wealth unused was no better than any other thing useless. I recollect hearing him say, on a particular occasion, when his real condition was compared to what, with a little more worldly prudence and foresight, it might have been, "I am as rich as I wish to be. I never go hungry, or thirsty, or naked. I never lacked a shelter, or a bed, or a hat to my head. I have enough for all this and more too. I can give a poor brother an occasional loaf of bread, and a cup of cold water. I can gratify my love for books, and have means to travel and see my friends. What more can I wish? I have never known want, and I feel assured that I never shall. And if it takes the last dollar to give me decent burial, that is enough. I owe no man any thing but good will, and if I am square with the world at death, it will have no demand on me, and if while I live in it, it give me a support, I will not quarrel with it."

He had a happy faculty of making the best of a bad case, and used often to laugh at his own, or others' poor bargains. When he was in poverty he was content, and plenty made him happy. When the sun shone, he rejoiced in it, and when the tempest swept past, he looked for the morning in cheerful hope!

Allied to this spirit of contented reliance on the Divine arm, was a deep spirit of sympathy for the poor and suffering. I have seen him sustain himself in the midst of sore trials and deep afflictions,

with smiling cheerfulness, and melt into tears at the simple recital of another's wo, and that other, perhaps, an entire stranger.

The following extract of a letter, written late in life, will exhibit this trait of character. It was indited during a "most awful storm," which would not permit him to reach his home.

"I am now at Deacon ——'s, one of the best of homes. There is now raging one of the most furious storms of wind and rain I ever experienced, yet I am happily sheltered, and in good health. I am in hopes that you have now got my last, and are rejoicing over the same, while the storm is howling around your peaceful dwelling. How good the Lord is to give us a safe hiding place from the stormy tempest; so may Christ be our hiding place, when the last fiery storm and tempest shall overtake us, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.

"How very pleasing it would be to occupy the same fireside, this evening, and mingle in conversation with my dear friend. I am, however, surrounded with so many rich and undeserved blessings, that every restless feeling is turned into the feast of contentment, and every murmur into praise and thanksgiving. O think of the poor distressed mariner, at his wit's end. Probably, by the violence of this storm, some will be made widows and orphans; and perhaps some of our relatives, or acquaintances. O Thou who ridest

majestically on the stormy deep, save the half distracted sailor, and hold him safely in the hollow of thy hand, and teach him to revere thy holy name, and run into it, as a strong tower of safety, both for soul and body.

"If we would continually sit at the soul-cheering feast of contentment, we must never contrast our circumstances, with those we imagine far better off than ourselves, and so begin to covet that which is our neighbor's; but look around on the miserable and wretched. Think on those who lack food, fuel, and clothing. Of the fields of battle crimsoned with blood, and covered with the slain, husbands and sons. Think of those in the lonely prison house, some waiting their trial and some their execution, already appointed. Think of those degraded men in the State prison, now in their lonely, cold, stone cell. Many wives have husbands and sons there; how much worse than death! Think on the poor lonely widow, mourning over a departed husband, and weeping over fatherless children, crying for bread, when she has none to give. Think of these broken hearted mothers, weeping over prodigal daughters in houses of ill fame; whom they once tenderly folded in their arms and nourished at their breast. Think of captives among the savages. Think of the beastly drunken husband, killing himself and wife by inches, with liquid fire; see the poor distressed children; and if this is not enough, O, think of

the rich man in hell, lifting up his eyes in torments. And after having surveyed all these scenes of indescribable wo, go home and sit down at the festival of contentment, deeply humbled at the thought of ever uttering a murmur, or harboring a moment's discontent."

Another trait of character which shone conspicuously to all beholders, was his truly Christian charity. He was exceedingly tenacious of his own views of religious truth, but he was perfectly willing to give every man the utmost freedom of thought and expression. He gloried in his own creed, and believed that the Christians with whom he associated had made more progress and possessed more light than any other body of Christians; but he believed that all denominations embraced among their professed disciples, a vast majority of true believers, and such as God delighted to own and bless. In accordance with these views he acted. He was ready to commune and fellowship with all who professed and called themselves Christians, and one of his first trials with the denomination to which he early belonged, [Baptist] was in reference to close communion. As an evidence of his enlarged charity, I would remark, that on a certain occasion he preached for a Baptist brother minister in his own pulpit, and by invitation. At the close of the service, the Baptist brother broke bread and distributed the emblems of the body which was broken for all, and Elder Jones and his

wife sat by, and were denied the privilege of partaking with them. "Surely," he adds, rather pointedly, "if to them restraint and fetters are better than freedom, I need not complain. They could not debar me from silent and sweet communion with God and themselves, and I joined heartily in the service, eating bread and drinking wine that they knew not of."

Elder Jones was a man of much *prayer*. He thought that whatever was worth undertaking at all, was worth seeking the blessing of God upon. In all the common events, as well as those of more importance, he sought the direction and aid of Heaven. He was particularly jealous that nothing should interrupt the regular devotions of the family, and he would excuse no member's absence, unless they were away from home. In these devotions he noticed all passing events that were of importance, and often asked *particular* favors at the hand of God.

Besides his regular family and public devotions, he was much given to secret prayer. He established and set apart certain days for prayer and self-examination, and on these occasions he used to absent himself from his family and society as much as possible. He also observed the annual fast, in the letter of it, refraining from food altogether, and devoting himself to prayer and meditation.

I find among his papers, many written prayers, and "covenants with God," which were elicited on particular occasions. Two or three I will give, as exhibiting his frame of mind, and throwing light upon this trait of character. The following was written on the occasion of leaving a parish:

"A cool, cloudy day, and unfit to go abroad. I shall therefore devote it to fasting, prayer, and meditation: thus—I open the Bible and place it before me, kneeling down and placing my right hand on its open pages. I acknowledge this blessed volnme to be my only guide and discipline, and devote myself anew and entirely to the Lord, for life and for death, for time and for eternity. I then pray most earnestly to my Heavenly Father, that he will accept my vow, and guide me by his counsel and still uphold me with his word; that he would quicken my faith in his truth, and help me fully to rely on his word of grace; promising to go wherever his spirit shall lead me, and to do whatever in his Providence I am called on to perform, with entire devotion and cheerfulness.

"And as I am about leaving ——, and like Abraham, going out, I know not whither, O, may Abraham's God be with me, and help me to keep this fast as the children of Israel did by the river Ahava, and go before me unto the place of my labors, aud where I can do most for his honor and the good of souls.

"Having disposed of my own case, I seek a

blessing for my dear absent friends, and for all classes and conditions of men, praying for each separately and in particular.

"After confessing my own sins and seeking pardon, I rise from my knees and peruse the holy oracles, meditating and reading alternately, until the hour of noon, when I again spend an hour in prayer. And so the afternoon and evening are spent."

It must be remembered that this is only a private memorandum, and not intended for any eye but his own.

The following extract from his unarranged papers, will exhibit the deep sense he ever entertained of the importance of the work to which he was called, and the consciousness of the imperfect manner in which he discharged it, which ever seems to have impressed him.

"The common routine of ministerial duties has become so habitual and familiar, that the cross has ceased. In these the 'yoke is easy, and the burden is light.' But if my master ever calls me to bear the cross in a way out of the common course, I find it equally heavy now as when I first began to take it up. I find in my members a spirit warring against the pure spirit of Christ; it is, 'the carnal mind.' 'It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.' This 'carnal mind' I find in me, and I am ashamed to say, 'often bringing

me into captivity.' We must with our spiritual weapons wage war with this 'old man of sin.' We are well able, through Christ Jesus, at present, 'to bind the strong man armed, and take away his arms,' and lead and hold him in captive chains, until, like Sampson, when shorn of his locks, he 'shall be as weak as any other man;' and finally nail him to the cross until he die. 'Crucify the old man with his lusts and affections.'

"In all the above stated duties of Christian warfare, I come sadly short, for which I feel guilty before God. And where can I go but to him against whom I have offended? And to go with a *hollow heart* will be but solemn mockery. I hava often relaxed the captive chain by which the man of sin is bound, and thereby have often suffered severely. Alas! how little I learn obedience by the things I suffer. I am also faulty in not firmly resisting alluring, foolish temptations—while the holy commandment teaches the denying all ungodliness, living soberly, and righteously, and godly in this present life. 'I am a worm and no man.' It seems as though I was hardly half a Christian—'Wherefore I abhor myself in dust and ashes'

"Under the above considerations, I feel greatly cast down. I feel utterly unworthy of the very many blessings which I am constantly enjoying, both temporally and spiritually, for they are great and very many. I have every reason to testify and set to my seal that 'The Lord delighteth in

mercy;' and is 'long suffering,' and that I have abused that long-suffering. Even now I feel that I am not by any means improving it as I ought. I am not pleased or satisfied with myself. So much experience of the sweetness of obedience, and of the bitterness of unwillingness to bear the cross, and still, unto this very day, so amazingly lacking in what I ought to be. I am covered with shame and confusion of face. More than fifty years since, I first knew the sweets of pardon, and the perfect love of God shed abroad in my heart. And for more than thirtyseven years I have been a preacher of the gospel; and how little, very little, have I done in the vineyard of the Lord. I am now in the going down of the sun, and so of course doing less and less. 'Few and evil have been the days of the pilgrimage of thy servant.' And now behold I am going off of the stage in the evening of my life, having done a poor, very poor day's work. Yet I hope I may have possibly gained one or two talents. 'Cast me not off from thy presence; uphold me by thy free spirit.' Take not the talent from me; all my hope is in the merciful Redeemer. Forsake me not when I am old and gray-headed." * * * *

The following prayer seems to have been written a short time previous to his marriage to his second wife, and was intended to be used by them mutually, at a given hour of the day.

"O Lord, our God. Although parted in body

yet united in spirit, as though kneeling at the same altar, we bow before thee, who has taught us in thy word to acknowledge thee in all our ways, and hast graciously promised that thou wilt direct our paths. We now make our humble acknowledgments, that thou art the author of our existence, and the lengthener out of our days; that thou hast been our protector from the ten thousand dangers through which we have been called to pass; that thou hast been mindful of us, when we have been unmindful of thee; that thy long-suffering and tender mercies have been lavished upon us, while we have been careless and unthankful; that thou didst call often, while we as often refused: that thou wast pleased to show us our sins, and lead us to confess and forsake them; and that thou wast pleased to forgive them freely, through the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin.

"We acknowledge before thee all our heart-wanderings, shortcomings, and backslidings. We acknowledge our dependence upon thee for all present and future blessings, and thank thee for past and present blessings, asking thee to grant all needed good in time to come.

"The three following petitions grant us, and it shall be enough.

"Let us know thy will and do it.

"Give bread to eat and raiment to put on, until we return to our Father's house in peace.

"Let us be prepared for death, whenever thou shalt please to send it. Amen.

"And thou faithful Jehovah, in a particular manner would we ask of thee, wisdom to bless us in the solemn engagement which we have entered into in the marriage covenant, and which is about to be ratified, according to the law of the land. Wilt thou grant unto us all the blessings we stand in need of in this heaven-ordained institution, that we may walk as heirs of the grace of life. Give us *wisdom* to conduct all our affairs with discretion, and *patience* to endure all afflictions. Give us willing minds to bear one another's burdens, and may the law of kindness dwell on our tongue. May we patiently partake of each other's afflictions, and gratefully share of each other's joys. Give us to draw in an even yoke, according to thine own institution. Thus help us to live until death shall separate us. Amen."

I shall notice but one more trait of character pertaining to the subject of these memoirs, and that is his remarkable love of books. As has been seen in the narrative of his life, his early literary opportunities were extremely limited. But he in a great measure overcame the evils he suffered on this account, by assiduous reading in later life, although his reading was not of a kind to *polish* his mind. He sought to store it with valuable materials, and paid little attention to the style of their dress. Consequently, his own style was not refined, or easy. Nor did he improve it throughout his long life; in consequence, in part, doubtless, of a

very strong reluctance which he ever felt to use the pen at all. His preaching was altogether extemporaneous, and I have found but two sermons written out among his manuscripts, although he often committed the heads of his discourses to paper.

He acquired quite a thorough knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars, and could read in any of these languages with tolerable readiness, although he never received any instruction in either. He had a great love for history and biography, and of such works his library principally consisted, and his habits of reading were never forsaken until his last sickness.

Among his last thoughts committed to paper, I find the following scrap, written a few years before his death.

"My Library consists of every thing in nature, and in whatever knowledge and truth are to be found. I have been captivated by books, since I was eight years of age. I am now sixtyfive, and yet I have never had one desire to be released from this happy captivity. I am far from being satisfied; I am as eager as ever to turn and see what the next page will tell me. I have read little, and my stock of knowledge is consequently very contracted. The sacred Bible is above all; I love to read it more than any other, and all other, books, and I suppose I have read as many hours in this precious volume of life, as in all other books besides."

Note B. p. 66.

To the Selectmen of the town of Boston:

GENTLEMEN,—We, a society of people known by the name of the Christian Church in Boston and Charlestown, (we don't mean, by calling ourselves the Christian Church, that there are no other Churches of Christ in the land, as some affirm that we say, but we hold fellowship with all real Christians, of every denomination,) and meeting in Friend street every Sabbath day, and also on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, for the express purpose of worshipping Almighty God in a public manner, agreeable to the provisions of our good Constitution, together with a number of our neighbors of other denominations, under a sense of our duty to promote the peace of our own society, the peace of society in general; beg leave to submit to your consideration a true account of the disturbances which have taken place in and around the house in which we meet, as well as the measures that we have taken to preserve the peace of society.

It is now more than four months since we have met in this place, as above mentioned. We had not long occupied, before some young men—by their appearance from 14 to 18 years of age—bebegan to disturb us by talking loud in meeting, stamping and scraping on the floor with their feet, laughing out loud, whistling and caterwauling, running up and down stairs eight or ten at a time; striking on the stair-casing with their staves, and yelling in a most ridiculous manner, with language most obscene and insulting. Ladies have been treated in such an insolent manner by them, that they dare not pass that way, even in the early part of the evening, witbout protection. We have had

our lights frequently blown out, our lamps in the entry knocked down and broken, every evening on which we meet, unless we watch them. We have several times had our door locked, in order to prevent our coming out when we wished. Segars have been smoked in time of meeting repeatedly. It is common to have our house stoned in time of worship. We believe in one instance that as many as about twenty stones or brick-bats have been thrown against the house in time of one meeting, together with a number of loud, tumultuous huzzas. Loud, do we say? Yes, so loud that they have been heard on Charlestown Training-field. The gate at the entrance of our yard has been torn down repeatedly, while we have been worshipping. When people go out of the place of worship, they cannot walk peaceably, but have often been insulted in the most shameful manner. Firing squibs at the house and into the yard, has of late become common. As near as we can judge, not far from twenty were blown off in one evening. Fire, flying in such a manner around a house, at such a dry season as this, is truly alarming. Many more things might be named by us, but we forbear.

The measures that we have taken to preserve the peace are as follows, viz.: In the first of our disturbance, Mr Jones, our preacher, addressed them in the mildest manner possible, by telling them that we were worshipping according to the provisions of the Constitution, also requesting them not to disturb us, and informing them that if they persisted in it they must expect to be dealt with as the law directed. Yet being unwilling to prosecute, we appointed six men of our church to stand in places where we thought it would be most

likely to keep these disorderly people quiet as well as to take notice of those who refused to be peaceable. Finding this did not have the effect desired, we employed peace officers in addition, in order to keep the peace. Some we have prosecuted and got judgment against them at the Municipal Court, but all this does not break up the riotous conduct of those disorderly people.

And now, gentlemen, as you stand in the characters of fathers and guardians of the town, we request that you would in some manner, as you in your wisdom shall think best, use your influence to stop such tumultuous and disgraceful conduct. We feel firmly attached to the government of our country, as well as being desirous of our own peace, and the violation of either gives us pain.

We entreat you, gentlemen, to act by the golden rule, and in this case do as you would wish to be done by. We are very sensible that many unfavorable stories are reported about our manner of worship, and many things which are entirely false. We endeavor to regulate our form of worship as nearly according to the Scripture rule as possible; we will not set ourselves up as being perfect, but liable to err as well as others. We assure you we mean to be governed by the laws of our land, if we conduct otherwise the law is open.

Is it inquired why this Church is more disturbed than others? We answer, that it is the fate of all new sects. Why were Christ and his followers treated in the same manner and worse, when they first made a public appearance? Why did the Apostles and their followers share the same fate? Why did the Church of England meet with the same thing when they first separated from the Church of Rome? And why has every denom-

ination from that time even until now shared similar treatment when they first separated from other denominations? And especially, why were the Baptists persecuted in Boston when they first separated from the Congregationalists? The first persons who separated were excommunicated by their former brethren, and denounced as heretics, &c. Their meeting house was nailed up and they were forbid to hold meetings. Some were whipped, some fined, others imprisoned, &c. &c. This, though not sufficient, is probably the true reason, and of this you can judge, gentlemen, as well as we. And, gentlemen, to conclude: we simply say before you the conduct of some of our youth, and what is more lamentable, some who by their dress and age might be gentlemen, for not a few such have been found in some of the above mentioned riotous assemblages. We are sure that you cannot help discovering the fatal effects that will follow if such things are persisted in. Therefore we close our petition with wishing you success in preserving, under a wholesome constitution, the rights and privileges of the citizens in general as well as of your petitioners individually, who, as bound, will ever pray, &c.

Boston, September 16, 1804.

Note C. p. 88.

The following Hymn, or Ode, was written on the occasion of the blockade, by the British fleet, of Portsmouth, N. H., during the late war with England.

Our pleasant town is in alarm
By a menacing foe;
They threaten our forts to storm
And lay our bulwarks low.

Their cannon thundering on the main
  Spread dire confusion round.
Save us, oh Lord, from being slain ;
  Their crafty plots confound.

Thou who commands the waves " be still,"
  Now roll them mountain high—
The waves and winds are at thy will,
  And with thy voice comply.
Send armed Boreas 'gainst their fleet,
  And drive them from our shore:
Lay proud ambition at thy feet,
  And thee we will adore.

But if the winds propitious prove
  Unto that hostile band,
Still, as the people of thy love,
  Help us against them stand.
We'll volunteer ourselves to thee,
  Great Captain of the host,
And in thy name we'll make them flee
  And drive them from our coast.

Hard by the Shoals* the squadron seen,
  Bespoke the dread array ;
In eighteen hundred and fourteen,
  Upon the Sabbath day ;
But viewing harbor, forts and town,
  They quickly bore away ;
To their own territory bound—
  As those who saw them say.

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*Isle of Shoals.

Thanks to the Lord, thou God of war
  For thy protecting arm.
Thou rid'st in thy majestic car
  And keep'st us safe from harm.
The nation guard on every side
  And in our councils rule ;
In general government preside—
  Teach us in wisdom's school.

Note D. p. 118.

I have, on the whole, found nothing that I have deemed worth publishing, on this subject, and have thought best to add nothing to the text.

Note E. p. 144.

Elder Jones has been called a quack in medicine, because he practiced a secret in curing cancers, while his profession was that of a clergyman. But he was no quack. As has been seen he entered the practice of medicine in a regular way, and practiced successfully for years before he entered the ministry. Moreover he was a member of the N. H. Medical Society, during his residence in that State. It must be allowed that he applied a *secret* to the cure of a certain disease—and it is generally understood among the faculty in Massachusetts there is a law to that effect binding on the members of the State Medical Society—that no one physician shall appropriate any discovery to his personal benefit.

Elder Jones had, or thought he had good reasons for disregarding these rules. 1st. He was not in *regular* practice, and had withdrawn from the Association of which he was a member. 2. He obtained the secret in such a way that he could not honorably or conscientiously divulge it. 3. He could not suffer any one to die from neglect, while he possessed the means of their restoration.

He never sought the practice, and although it was a source of emolument to him he would gladly have given it up, could he have done so honestly.

Before he died he committed the secret to his family and to one or two others, I believe, but do not know who they were.

It was indeed no quackery, but an effectual and radical cure. Hundreds of cases came under his care, and he very rarely failed to effect a cure when he attempted.

Another evidence of his conscientiousness may be given in this connexion. He made his charges according to the ability of the cured to pay, and whenever he thought one too poor to pay five dollars he charged nothing for his services, which were as faithfully rendered as if he had expected the largest pay.

Note F. p. 121.

Hymns written for the Dedication of the Christian Chapel, in Salem, 1823.

To thee who built creation's frame,
Who dost the starry arch sustain,
We consecrate this speck of earth—
To thee who gave creation birth.

To thee, who fills immeasur'd space,
We dedicate this humble place,
An earthly temple, to thy name,
To seek thy glory, spread thy fame.

As Moses came to Sinai's hill,
There to receive and do thy will,
Thus have we come to seek thy face;
We wait the visits of thy grace.

From heaven, thy dwelling place on high,
Turn thou, thine ever watchful eye;
Save us from sin, from death, from hell,
Under thy shadow let us dwell.

Receiving truth like gentle rain,
Here may thy ministers proclaim
The gospel in its power and love,
Blest with thine influence from above.

With hearts in love together knit,
Let saints in heavenly places sit,
While sinners, who are deaf and blind,
Salvation seek, salvation find.

Here let the prodigal return,
With bleeding heart his follies mourn ;
Fly to his father's kind embrace,—
Music and joy shall fill the place.

Over repenting sinners born,
Joy like the brightness of the morn,
Angels in heaven, and saints shall sing,
In concert to their heavenly king.

Hail, princely Saviour, hail,
Bright sun of gospel day,
Thy kingdom shall prevail,
Under thy sceptre's sway ;
Thy radiant beams of glory shine,
In heavenly splendor all divine.

Upon this darken'd earth,
From east his glory shone,
When Angels sung his birth,
To shepherd's made him known ;
Star of the east, the wise men sought,
While they from thence their off'rings brought.

Thy cheering rays of light,
Make darkness swiftly fly,
And give the clearest sight,
To paths which lead on high ;
Thy gen'rous warmth to us impart,
To melt this cold, this stony heart.

Immanuel, spread thy wings
Of dazzling glory wide,

And as the king of kings,
  Own us thy weary bride ;
Under their shade, we'll seek repose,
And sing the song that ne'er shall close.

We'll sing thy boundless praise,
  Of wisdom, power, and love,
And run the Christian race,
  Till we arrive above ;
We'll join with Saints, with Angels sing,
The endless grandeur of our king.

Wake every heart to praise,
  Tune every voice to sound,
The joyful song of grace
  Without a shore or bound ;
Let heaven's high arch the song resound,
Throughout the universal round.

The silver trumpet swells,
  In honor to his name,
Ring loud ye golden bells,
  To echo round his fame ;
Play golden harps, strike full-toned lyre,
And raise your hallelujahs higher.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

Elder Jones was quite a rhymer, and although his poetry was none of the most harmonious and flowing, he generally contrived to get the gist of the matter into his verses, and thus gave them a heartiness well pleasing to such as were less alive to critical blemishes, than a want of tone. I shall insert here a few pieces for the especial gratification of some of his friends who have desired it, rather than as an exhibition of his poetical talent.

AWAKENING.

Awake! ye careless souls, awake;
The worlds alluring charms forsake,
And of the gospel feast partake.
Say not, O soul, now take thine ease,
And live in pleasure, as you please;
Lest sudden death should on you seize.

Just like the sands, within the glass,
Your days and moments, swiftly pass,
And you are with'ring like the grass;
Improve the hours as swift they fly,
And seek the Lord while he is nigh,
Lest in your sinful course you die.

According to the gospel chart,
Come, give unto the Lord, your heart,
And you shall surely share a part.
'Tis written in his sacred word,
Whoever calls upon the Lord,
His saving mercy shall record.

For Christ upon the cross, once bore.
The sins of men in purple gore,
The lost and wretched to restore.
The gospel and the spirit sound
Free grace and mercy all around,
Where e'er the sons of men are found.

To ask for mercy, be inclin'd—
By seeking you shall surely find,
Knock, and 't will open to your mind;
I show you clear the gospel plan,
How God in Christ, with justice, can
Forgive and save poor sinful man.

A TEMPERANCE SONG,

Written A. D. 1820.

O, who would drink consuming fire
To gratify a foul desire.
Its promises are smooth and fair
Relief from pain and anxious care.

Deceitful, momentary ease!
Though for the present it doth please,

Yet in the end, worst of all foes,
T' will fill our bitter cup with woes.

It paints our face with fiery red,
Intoxicates and fools the head,
It palsies every active limb,
Makes mad and crazy, weak and slim.

It makes the eyes like furnace blaze,
And puts our senses in a maze,
Calls poverty with all her train.
Horror and darkness round us reign.

When in the tyrant's chair it rules,
Makes kings and beggars perfect fools;
It has no power at all to save
The drunkard from his hopeless grave.

Turn from the charmer in the glass—
With her enchantments bid her pass,
Resist the tyrant's beastly sway,
Nor longer tribute to him pay.

Come, break at once the fatal chain
That binds thee to that deathly train.
Cast off thy shackles—be a man
Once more, while yet you can.

STANZAS.

I HAVE come out this beautiful morning,
  To call you from ruin's deep brink.
Why stand ye here all the day scorning?
  I fear in perdition you 'll sink.

Come into the vineyard and labor,
  For life, peace, and heavenly joy.
Of the Lord you will surely find favor,
  And joys that are free from alloy.

And when life's day's work is all over
  Your penny the master will give,
From ruin's deep brink you 'll recover,
  With angels in glory, to live.

So win ye the bright crown of glory
  By Jesus is placed on your head;
And sing heavenly anthems most holy,
  By fountains of sweet pleasure led.

The Lamb in the midst will there lead you,
  In pleasures unsullied and bright,
And ever he 'll watch o'er and feed you,
  And keep you from sorrow or night.

Take the harp as an angel in glory,
  To God and the Lamb give the praise,
In fulness of joy sing the story,
  Through eternity's unending days.

He thus works up the well known Story of the celebrated Dr. Young.

One summer's day he in the garden walked
And with two ladies courteously he talked,
To one he was most partially allied,
Who afterwards became his blooming bride.

Those golden moments smoothly passed away
When at the gate, a servant thus did say,
'An honor'd guest expresses his desire
That from the garden you would just retire.'

'Go, tell his honor, I'm in paradise,
By two kind angels led, to make me wise,
I cannot at this highly favor'd time
Descend to lower, darker, rougher clime.'

These angels sought to send him to his guest,
In arguments persuasive did their best,
But to no purpose; he refus'd to hear,
To their remonstrance turned the deafest ear.

At length the case determin'd to decide,
Divided on the right and the left side,
Seize by each arm, they force him to the gate,
And left him to his saddened fate.

Confused, he stood a moment in despair,
But on the next assumed a pleasant air,
And bow'd and laid his hand upon his breast,
And thus to them his winning speech addressed;

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
But go he must, though yet, like me, was lothe,
Our fate the same, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his lot, but mine is more unkind,
His Eve went with him, mine is left behind."

LORD COME AND REVIVE US.

Written in a time of great declension of religion in Portsmouth, N. H., March 31st, A. D. 1812.

BREAK Lord, our bondage break,
And let thy Spirit flow.
Our stubborn hearts now break,
Thy presence let us know,
That we may serve thee with our might,
And praise thy name with sweet delight.

Lord, 'tis a time of drought—
O send refreshing rain,
With breezes from the south
Blow on our parched plain,
Let withered plants revive again,
And crown the hills with golden grain.

O come the happy day.
Hunger and thirst we will
Until we hear thee say
"Your soul's desire I' ll fill."
Then converts and old saints shall raise
With joyful hearts loud shouts of praise.

WRITTEN DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

How good and pleasant, 't is to see
All parties now unite
In forming one defensive plea
To put our foes to flight.
United thus we sure shall stand,
Our rights we shall maintain.
For this, Columbia's happy land,
The victory soon we'll gain.
Unto the hand that set us free,
O God of hosts, we pray,
Secure our rights upon the sea,
Turn darkness into day.
Help us to vanquish on the land
A depredating foe,
And to the skill of thine own hand,
Our highest praise shall flow.

HOPE SUSTAINS ME.

Thistles, with briars and thorns
  Are scattered in my way,
And Bashan's bulls with horns,
  About me sometimes play,
Yet Giliad's balm will heal the wounds
Received on these enchanted grounds.

Dark clouds and furious waves,
  Roll high into my bark,
And ope in gaping graves;

The night is thick and dark.
But on that threat'ning swell of pride,
My Jesus walks to still the tide.

In cheering tones he speaks,
Bids me be not afraid,
The boisterous waves he breaks,
And they in peace are laid ;
All hush and silent is the storm,
And banished is the dread alarm.

Now Christ, our pilot, steers
Straight for the happy shore.
The promised land appears—
All dangers now are o'er.
Darkness and winds, have past away,
Safe glide we on our pleassnt way.

CALVARY. A Dialogue.

Minister.

Come precious souls and let us take
A walk becoming you and me,
And whither, O my friend,
Shall we our footsteps bend,
To Calvary or Gethsemane ?

Sinner.

O Calvary is a mountain high,
'T is much too hard a task for me,
And I had rather stay
In the broad and pleasant way,
Then to walk in the garden of Gethsemane.

Minister.

It would not appear such a mountain high,
Nor such task, dear sinner for thee,
If you dearly loved the man
Who first drew out the plan,
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

Sinner.

I had rather abide in this pleasant place,
My gay and merry friends to see ;
I'd tarry here awhile
As earthly pleasures smile,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.

Minister.

Your gay companions must lie in the dust ;
Their souls are bound to misery ;
And if you ever stand
On Canaan's happy land
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.

Sinner.

I can see no pleasure in this way
And it is a lonely walk to me,
For I have heard them say
There are Lions in the way;
And they lurk on the mountain Calvary.

Minister.

O do not thus mistaken be,
There are no Lions in this way,
No vulture's eye hath seen,
Nor young Lion's whelp hath been
In the way that leads to Calvary.

O tarry not in all the plain,
Flee to the mountain that you may be
Safe from the burning shower
Which may come within an hour
And deprive you of climbing up Calvary.

A PRAYER.

Abraham's faith to me impart;
Isaac's meditative heart;
Jacob's wrestling prayer be mine;
Joseph's purity sublime;
Moses' meekness may I know;
Joshua's zeal on me bestow;
Gideon's victory let me share;
Samuel's faithfulness declare;
David's sweet devotion flow;
Isaiah's piety to know;
Daniel's wisdom from above;
John's unbounded perfect love;
Peter's ardent spirit feel;
James' faith by works reveal;
Stephen's rapture give in death;
Mercy gracing my last breath;
Unwearied run like zealous Paul,
Win the prize and conquer all;

Mary's love may I possess;
Lydia's tender heartedness;
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly;
Lazarus' happy portion share,
Shame and pain for Christ to bear;
Abel's righteousness I need,
That with Enoch I may speed
On my way and walk with God;
Shun like righteous Lot thy rod;
Flee the tempests fiery blast;
Safely land in heaven at last.

SEE THAT YE FALL NOT OUT BY THE WAY.

The way is straight our feet must run.
Since we have happily begun,
Let's follow on without delay,
Nor ever fall out by the way.

Press forward steady on our guard,
And if at times the way seems hard,
Then strive the more to watch and pray
That we fall not out by the way.

If pelting storms upon us fall,
Then on our great deliv'rer call,
That by his grace we never may
Stumble, or fall out by the way.

If mighty foes against us rise,
Forward we'll look to the great prize.

With sword and shield we 'll gain the day,
Nor ever fall out by the way.

If one cries, " here," and some, " lo, there,"
Increase our dilligence in prayer,
Then we may resolutely say,
We 'll never fall out by the way.

FIRST MEETING.

Not by our own seeking we first met in love,
But as on the earth duty calls us to rove ;
As Adam saw Eve, and his heart was inclined,
So when each saw the other, affections combined.

Now mountains and valleys and plains outstretched wide,
At present our persons completely divide,
Pure streams, and wide oceans, are rolling between—
Cold winters, sweet summers, and springs intervene.

But winters and summers pass by in swift pace,
And each cheering season rolls on in their race,
And soon bring the hour when we 'll join hand and heart,
As one in the Lord, until death shall us part.

By special assignment in twilight we meet,
To think of each other, and in spirit to greet,
To bow in our closets though far, far, away,
To offer our thanks, and for blessings to pray.

This hour always lonely is still mingled with joy,
To bow down in secret is happy employ,
This happy devotion together we'll pay,
When space intervening has vanished away.

MY CREED.

Of all unscriptural names that are
In christian churches, claim'd so fair,
'Gainst them I enter my dissent;
On Christ's sole name my mind is bent.

The church of Rome and England too,
Are names of men, which once were new:
The highly boasted Baptist name,
And Methodist are all the same.

The Presbyterian, polite,
And Universalist so light;
The honest Quaker, thee and thou,
Are merely names of men, I trow.

Disciple, follower, christian, friend,
For these I equally contend;
With every other scripture sound,
In gospel rule that can be found.

Altho' these names, I do reject,
Yet those who hold them I respect
As brethren in the Lord of life;
So live in love and quit all strife.

My fellowship in Christ is bound
To all those souls where love is found
Of every order, sect and name—
In Christ I count them all the same.

ON THE USES OF AFFLICTION.

Our heavenly Father's love
Shines through afflictions day.
Tho' like a mournful dove
We wing our weary way,
It works for good,
The souls best food—
We 'll bid it welcome then.

It sanctifies the heart;
It purifies the gold;
It serves the better part
In peace to us unfold.
Kiss then the rod;
It is from God,
A token of his love.

In Zion is his fire
To chasten the desire
And raise our spirits higher;
So tribulation
Works out salvation,
And peace and glory brings.

There on the verge of time,
Triumphant faith we 'll chime.

O happy thought sublime;
When heaven's high arches ring
With halelujahs loud
Amid the shining crowd;
Saying worthy is the Lamb.

This is evidently the last poetical effort of Elder Jones. It is almost illegible, and is not finished. It is delightful to see how to the last his "thoughts were in heaven and his conversation there."

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